

NEWS STAND EDITION

Collier's



VOL XXXVIII NO 6

NOVEMBER 3 1906

PRICE 10 CENTS



NOVEMBER At Battle Creek.

THE absorbing outdoor life; the sun parlors, spacious lobbies, tropical covered gardens and inviting foyers, the rest hours; the baths; skilled attendants and trained nurses, the chef with his delicious dietetic food calories; the fascinating dining room overlooking fifty miles of the "Picturesque Peninsula," the gymnasium and swimming pools, with instructors; the medical and surgical equipment with thirty attending physicians, the body culture, massage, Swedish and vibration movements; the pure water, the open air treatment, the entertaining guests; the never-tiring educational, religious and amusement features; the spirit of good cheer and helpfulness that pervades everything.

All these, at The Sanitarium, constitute what has been called a great University of Health, to teach and illustrate the principles of right living, to assist invalids and the physically inefficient in lifting themselves up to normal activity and enjoyment; to correct false habits and teach true food values and to demonstrate that health, like disease, comes gradually by processes of growth and change.

The Sanitarium is incorporated under the statutes of Michigan as an undenominational philanthropic enterprise.

Dispensaries and other medical facilities are provided for the poor.

Rates vary to meet practically all conditions.

November is one of the best months to be at the Sanitarium, both for health and enjoyment.

A Book of Views and descriptive literature will be mailed gladly. Address, Box 4

The Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.

EIGHT men chatting in a Pullman smoker, east-bound from Denver; men from New York, New England, Ohio, and the Southeast; returning from the "Elks" convention.

They spoke of business, of course; and of "what business are you in?"

One of the eight, Mr. McCormick, clothing manager for the big house of Gano-Downs, Denver, said: "Clothing business: Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes."

"They're mighty good clothes," said the man next to him; "I wear 'em." "So do I," said another. "And I." "And I." Five out of eight men, caught at random from widely separate localities, wore Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.

It's the quality of the clothes that does it; all-wool, hand-tailoring, perfect style and fit. Get our Style Book; send six cents.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

Boston

New York

WHY?

AUTOMOBILES

FOR SALE—New 1906 24 H. P. Automobile of standard make. Has been run less than 100 miles. Car in as good condition as on day of delivery. Will sell for \$400 less than cost. A. D. L. Box 25—M.

¶ Why do advertisements like this appear in the daily papers? Answer one and you'll find the owner made a mistake in buying, and counts himself lucky to lose only \$400 in getting off his hands a car that he finds he didn't want; a car that a smooth salesman told him, convincingly, was the best on earth.

¶ It's an old, old story. Man had the price of a car, but didn't know much about automobiles. Hadn't studied mechanical engineering at school, and didn't understand the jargon of mysterious words that everybody threw at him whenever he asked anything about automobiles. So he just went to a dealer's, and—and now he is sorry.

¶ No longer any reason for mistakes like that. For the first time in history, automobile information—complete and reliable—has been put into everyday English words. A book, sensibly written, sensibly illustrated, printed in large type—a book that can be read through in one evening—has been issued.

¶ That book, "Whys and Wherefores of the Automobile," dispels instantly the idea that a sensible man cannot understand the automobile. So simple and logical that any 14-year old school boy can read it intelligibly and thereby know the difference between a good car and the other kind—and give the reasons.

¶ Your money back if you find "Whys and Wherefores of the Automobile" anything but the best and most easily understood presentation of the automobile ever issued from the press.

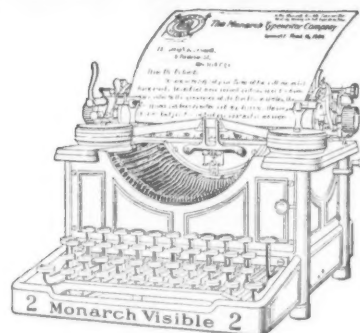
Leather Binding \$1.00, Cloth 50c, Paper 35c. 102 Illustrations
Edition limited. Better write today

The Automobile Institute

11 Prescott Street, Cleveland, Ohio

ALL of the great essentials, such as visibility, light touch, fine work, durability, with many minor advantages, compel the purchaser to the conclusion that the Monarch is indeed, "the Typewriter of the present and the future."

MONARCH VISIBLE



Elasticity is the word which best expresses the notable features of the Monarch Typewriter touch. Why, the very recoil seems to encourage the operator to do swifter and better work, so responsive are the keys to the slightest touch.

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES AND FACTORY

SYRACUSE

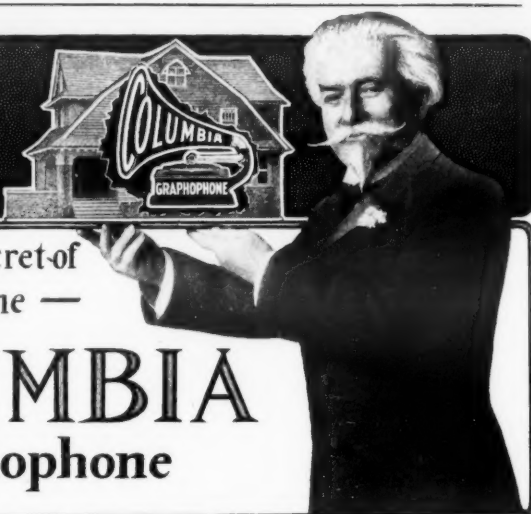
NEW YORK

SALES OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

The Music Master

discovers the secret-of
the Happy Home —

COLUMBIA Graphophone



"I WHO teach the music have had always much sympathy for those many others who cannot have the music in the home—those who know not to play one single instrument.

"Now I have no more regrets. Every home can have the music—The Columbia Graphophone has arrived. I salute him, me:

"I am a music master, Truly. But he is the **Master of Music**. Me, I play but three instruments only. He plays *all* the instruments, *all* the music. I sing nothing. He sings all the songs in all the languages.

"I am astounded, I am charmed. For he makes the real music.

"The sounds of the mouth organ, the jew's harp—I call not that music. And I find these other machines only make a sound like many mouth organs—many jew's harps.

"Listen! I am a critic of the music. I say to those who possess any make of talking machine, use only the Columbia Records—they are the best—they have the soul. They have the real music, of a sound sweet, of a tone pure, of an execution brilliant, that is alone of the Columbia."

Before buying either a talking machine or records, insist on hearing the Columbia, and be convinced, like the Music Master, that they are the best. We are the only Company that gives a written guarantee—perfect goods make this possible. You can buy on easy payments if you desire. Stores in all the principal cities. Dealers everywhere. Write for catalogue and address of nearest dealer.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Gen'l

90 and 92 West Broadway, New York

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900

Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904

A Symphony in Steel

Scientific Construction of the Oliver
Typewriter Gives Accuracy and Speed.

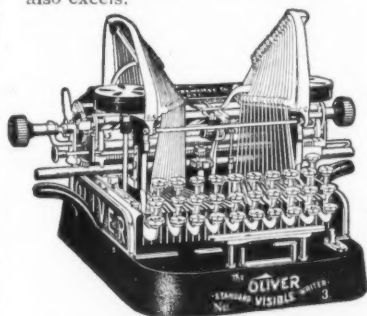
THE invention of the Oliver Typewriter marked a great advance in mechanical writing. Up to that time, the various typewriting machines in use represented simply additions to the first crude ideas. The machines became more complicated with each improvement that was patched on.

But the Oliver sprung, fully perfected, from the brain of a mechanical genius. Every part of the Oliver Typewriter embodies a correct scientific principle. It is a perfect symphony in steel.

The visible writing of the Oliver is a feature of paramount importance. It at once gave the Oliver the unquestioned lead both as to convenience and speed. Think what an achievement to invent a writing machine that excels all others in speed, the supreme requirement of this tremendously busy age. The extreme simplicity of the Oliver has much to do with its efficiency and unlimited capacity for speed. It has a great many less parts than the old-style writing machines. That means less liability to get out of order, less wear and tear, greater compactness, greater durability.

The Oliver type-bar is U-shaped and insures absolutely perfect alignment. It cannot get "wobbly."

It has a condensed keyboard, saving mental effort and encouraging speed. The *Oliver Rapid Escapement* is a factor that makes for speed. In *manifolding capacity*, the Oliver also excels.



Its clean-cut, beautiful type makes the finest *mimeograph* stencils.

The Oliver is the most *versatile* writing machine on the market.

It is a billing machine. It will do vertical or horizontal line ruling. It will write in two colors without changing ribbons. It will print on the stiffest record cards.

Year in and year out you will find the Oliver Typewriter reliable, efficient, versatile and speedy.

Let us send you the Oliver Book. It gets right down to scientific principles. You will find it mighty good reading.

Young Men Wanted to Fill Vacancies in Our Sales Force

On account of numerous promotions and the rapid extension of our business, we can place several bright, active young men of good character in desirable positions. This offer carries with it a full course in the Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship.

The Oliver Typewriter Co., 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago

W O M A N

"Woman" is the name of a new magazine for women. The first number is just issued. Your newsdealer has it. You can get it from him, and it is worth your while getting it. There is nothing startling about this magazine. There should be nothing startling about a decent magazine for women and the home. But this particular magazine is unique among all the so-called publications for women. You might not like it a little bit, and then, again, it might hit your fancy good and hard.

If you like fiction—good, wide-awake, snappy stories—both serials and short stories—you will like "Woman." In fact, fiction is the big feature of the magazine.

All the other magazines for women are cast on the same model—a little bit of fiction, a few articles, more or less chit chat, some wise advice, a fashion department and a smattering of general miscellany. "WOMAN" doesn't look any more like this conventional model than a yellow dog looks like a race horse. It is built on new lines for a strictly woman's publication. To know what it is like you will have to get a copy of it. It would cost too much to tell you all about it in this advertisement.

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10 Cents A Copy

\$1.00 A Year

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, New York

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In these days of money-mania and public mistrust, when so many "great" men have fallen from their pedestals and stand revealed in their true colors, it is refreshing to turn back through the pages of American history and read again the simple, honest lives of our early heroes and patriots—men who laid the foundations of this republic. The lesson we learn from these lives should never be forgotten. Their undaunted courage, strict devotion to duty, and lofty patriotism represent our highest ideals—all that is good and true and lasting in the republic today. No more shining examples of heroic self-sacrifice can be found in the history of any nation. These names are indissolubly linked with the establishment of free government on this continent.

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The *Makers of American History* contains the biographies of forty great Americans. It is the only work of its kind that covers the entire field and is of distinguished authority. It is designed for popular reading, being written in an easy, narrative style, more like historical fiction than the usual dry and technical biography. Each life is a complete story in itself, although the entire work presents a panoramic picture of American history from Columbus down through the Civil War. For an hour's pleasant reading or for systematic study no finer books can be had at any price. They contain all that the average man needs to know of his country's history. In perusing them one is greatly entertained and at the same time brought into close contact with all of our great national characters, whose lives and deeds illumine history. These books are as deathless as Plutarch's Lives. They are perennial fountains of inspiration whose streams never dry up or become tainted.

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This wonderfully interesting and instructive library consists of twenty large, handsome volumes printed on fine paper, durably bound in cloth buckram, and well illustrated. The volumes average about 500 pages and are sold by subscription at \$2 each, or \$40 for the complete set. We now offer a limited number of sets for only \$15.50, payable 50 cents down and \$1 a month. That this is unquestionably the greatest book bargain ever offered in this country an examination of the work will show. We therefore offer to send you a set on approval, at our expense.

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Address _____

If you wish half leather binding, change 15 to 19 months.

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No advertiser whose honesty the Publishers have the least reason to doubt will be allowed in these columns. Should, however, our readers discover any misrepresentation whatever, a prompt report thereof will be greatly appreciated

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BUSINESS CHANCES IN THE SOUTHWEST. In Oklahoma and Texas are vast areas of unimproved land not yet producing the crops of which it is capable; practically the same thing is true of the towns. There is need of more hands to develop the country; few lines of business are adequately represented; there are openings of all sorts for the right men. Are you one? **WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.** S. G. LANGSTON, IMMIGRATION AGENT M. K. T. RY, BOX 689, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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New and second hand cars of nearly every make; Foreign and American, \$150 to \$3000. List on request. Times Square Automobile Co., Largest Automobile Dealers and Brokers in the World, 215-217 W. 43rd St., N. Y. City.

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LEARN MILLINERY BY MAIL THOROUGH TRAINING BY LEADING TEACHER OF AMERICA'S FASHION CENTER. Teaches you how to have stylish hats at 1/2 present cost; or fits you to become copyist at \$20, trimmer \$35, designer \$50 weekly in millinery establishments. **FREE** Booklet most interesting ever sent women. Write at once. **KATHERINE J. KEENE, MILLINER**, 189 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

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"No advertiser whose honesty the Publishers have the least reason to doubt will be allowed in these columns," reads the legend at the head of this page.

This is not a scarecrow; we mean it absolutely. Every advertisement submitted for Collier's Classified Service is scrutinized closely. If its text suggests the slightest probability of double dealing, it is "suspended" until the standing of the advertiser and the honesty of his offer can be looked into.

Of course, we lose a good many dollars' worth of business a week through the strict enforcement of this policy, yet we hope to make up these losses many times over as soon as advertisers realize what we are doing for them.

Your advertisement—would you prefer to have it mixed in with all sorts of dubious catch-penny offers or keeping company with respectable offers of reputable men?

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1906

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NEW YORK: 416-424 West Thirteenth Street
LONDON: 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and The International News Company, 5 Beams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.
TORONTO: Yonge Street Arcade
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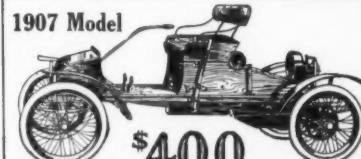
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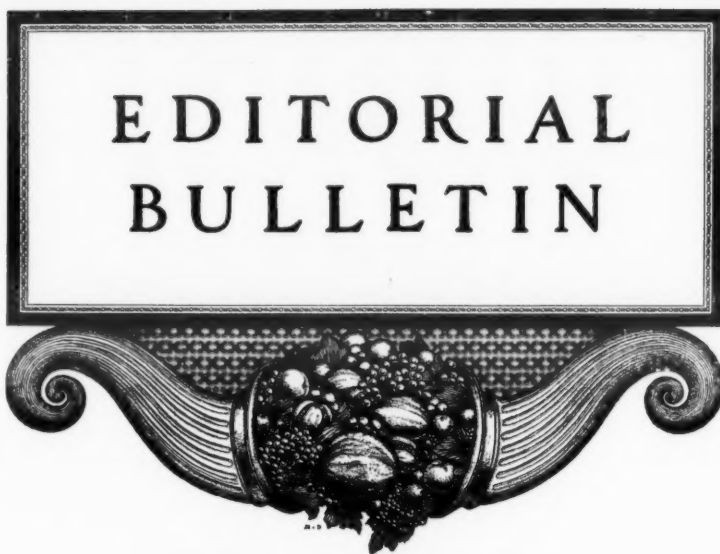
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1906

The Other Americans

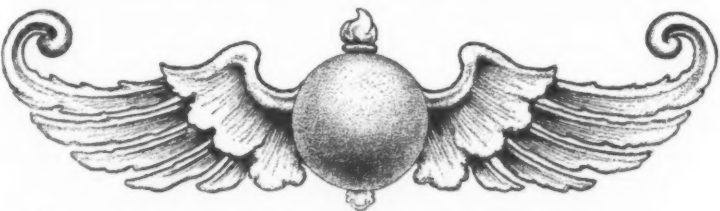
IF you will read the opening sentences of Mr. Ruhl's article in this number, you will get one of the prevailing notes of his South American articles of which this is the first. There are other "Americans" than those who arrogantly appropriate this word as the exclusive property of those who live between Maine and California. Mr. Ruhl has gone among them with a very human curiosity, and he has come back with a deeply genuine respect for them, their achievements, and their ambitions.

IF you have got your ideas of Latin America from comic operas and grotesque fiction, there will be a pleasant surprise for you in Mr. Ruhl's articles. And whether or not you happen to be directly interested in South America, you will find this series compellingly readable for its sympathy and its humor. The present article deals with the nearest of the South American capitals; future ones will tell of Lima, Valparaiso and Santiago, Buenos Ayres and other cities visited by Mr. Ruhl.

THESE cities and their people Mr. Ruhl will describe as he describes Caracas in our present number. Not in terms of thousands of population and miles of streets; but in the things that touch intimately the daily life of a people among whom "the real world's manners are, but none of its problems"—their newspapers, which reflect their mixture of frivolousness and sentimental melancholy; their theatres and their ways of travel.

ANOTHER of our quarterly fiction contests closed on September first. The manuscripts have all been read and the winners decided on. This will be the basis of an article in our next issue by Mr. Hapgood in which he will comment on the fiction received. The names of the winners will be announced; and a list of the stories purchased by us will be given.

THE public impression of Mr. Frederic Remington is almost wholly identified with frontier life—Indians, cowboys, and soldiers of the plains. In our next number, however, we shall print the first of a series of colored frontispieces which, while retaining a touch of frontier types, will mark a departure toward a very different theatre of life. The series will be entitled "The Tragedy of the Trees."



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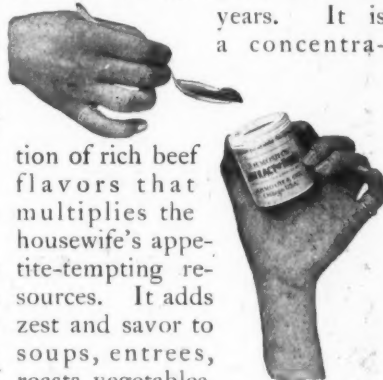
lard" unless the lard is pure leaf. But the U. S. stamp on a lard package does not guarantee leaf unless the label also says "leaf." And a "leaf" label is no guaranty unless the U. S. stamp is there too. Look for both. The U. S. stamp is on

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Extract of *Beef* famous all round the world for over 20 years. It is a concentra-



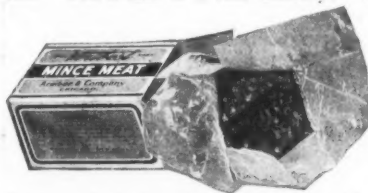
tion of rich beef flavors that multiplies the housewife's appetite-tempting resources. It adds zest and savor to soups, entrees, roasts, vegetables. With hot water and seasoning, it's a splendid cold-weather drink.

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About "Star" Hams

All good hams are not "Star" hams. Armour's "Star" brand is reserved for hams of extra quality. It distinguishes the *best* of the good hams. The average is about one *best* ham among fifteen good hams. That one wins the "Star" brand. Hogs whose hams reach this honor must be the aristocrats of their kind. They must be young, They must be must be firm-moderately must be "barrow" hogs. And their weigh not less than eight nor twenty pounds. The hams of these porcine aristocrats then curing and are the "Star," as the —"The Ham



Bacon at Its Best

Armour's "Star" Bacon (in glass jars and in tins) is the result of forty years of keeping a little ahead of all competitors. Just consider some of its "points": It is "Star" quality —the special cured "fitches" of selected "barrow" hogs, uniform wafer-slice is perfect, no "scraps" to Each slice in a jar will cook exactly like every other slice in the jar. And being sliced to the "just right" degree of thinness, you can have it appetizingly brown and deliciously crisp without its being "cooked to death." Ever try it? One jar or tin will make you its friend for life.



CHICAGO
SOUTH OMAHA
SIOUX CITY

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

KANSAS CITY
EAST ST. LOUIS
FORT WORTH



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THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

IV—CASSIM IN THE CAVE OF THE FORTY THIEVES. PAINTED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

In a Persian town once lived two brothers named Cassim and Ali Baba. Cassim was a wealthy merchant—but Ali Baba was a poor wood-chopper. One day, when on the edge of the forest, Ali Baba saw forty horsemen approaching. Fearing they might be thieves, he let his three asses go as they would, while he sought the safety of a high tree under which the forty thieves dismounted. Their chief, crying "Open Sesame," caused a great rock to open uncovering a great cave, into which the forty thieves entered, but soon returned again. After they had ridden away, Ali Baba, remembering the secret word, descended, spoke it, and caused the gates of the cave to open again. He entered and found stores of countless treasure. He conveyed back to town much gold. Learning of Ali Baba's sudden riches, his brother induced him to tell the source of this wonderful gain. Cassim then went to the cave, gained entrance, and after collecting such treasure as he would take away was unable to again remember the secret word which would open the chamber door; thus he became entrapped until the forty thieves came again to the cave, when they killed him.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WITH THE PRIDE of an honest man Mr. HUGHES declares that he will promise nothing that he is unable or unwilling to perform. What he does promise is to be read in the light of what he has done. Although, unlike his opponent, he has no taste for boastful words, he has felt compelled to point out that President ROOSEVELT, looking about for an eminent lawyer on whom no man and no corporation had a hold, chose Mr. HUGHES to investigate the Coal Trust. The world knows how that brilliant and unbiased work led to the selection of Mr. HUGHES for the insurance task; and how his vigor, skill, and impartiality led the President, and a few other exceptional Republicans, to force his nomination, in spite of the machine, in response to demands of the people and press. All whose memory is a year long know how Mr. HEARST praised Mr. HUGHES for his bold and able stand against HARRIMAN, RYAN, and ODELL, although now that noble-minded editor, wishing to be Governor, uses his vast newspaper power to instil into the people's mind the belief that Mr. HUGHES is owned. Honorable feeling demands that a man whose deeds have spoken for his character should be defended from the Star Publishing Company's organized calumny.

WHAT IS HUGHES? Mr. HUGHES declares that no money organizations should seize the Government of New York, and that no organized calumny should seize it. He says that he will use his best endeavor to end any existing corporate abuses. He promises specifically an investigation of banking. He has requested that lobbying be stamped out. He has expressed his belief in labor unions. Working men have everything to gain from true business reform, as they have everything to lose from demoralizing and insincere agitation. Mr. HUGHES pays his taxes. He does not swear them off. He has never formed himself into a corporation for the purpose of cheating creditors. He has, as the "American" a year ago so loudly proclaimed, refused every deal with bosses. Largely through his ability political contributions by corporations have been made a statutory crime; the law of perjury has been strengthened; policy-holders have been given freer access to the courts; the system of deferred dividends has been overturned; it has been made illegal for directors to take the advantages of their position to which they have been addicted. He promises to be at Albany the same man he has been in the work to which he has heretofore been called. Will not this man, if elected Governor, fulfil his promises? Shall such a man be killed with slander?

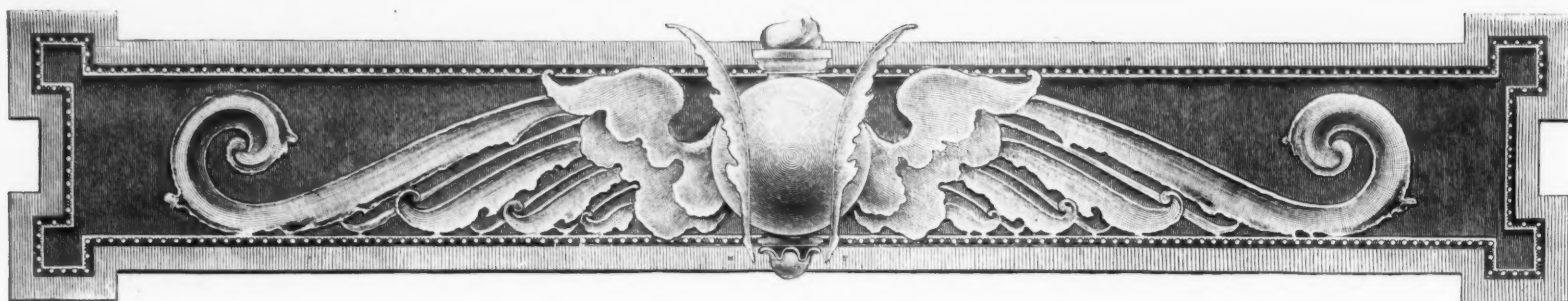
"HOW," ASKED EMERSON, "can I hear what you say, when what you are keeps thundering in my ears?" There are some who think any man, whatever his method, is to be supported because he bears the name of Democrat. Others support any creature, whatever his integrity, who calls himself Republican. Still others support Mr. HEARST because they believe in the principles which he professes. Our friends, however, who have never known us to recommend the election of any man solely on account of his professions, or the party to which he belongs, or the platform on which he runs, can scarcely wonder that we treat the reformer HEARST as we treat the Republican Coxes, Quays, or Aldriches, or the Democratic Murphys, Crokers, or Gormans. One man like Mr. HITCHCOCK is worth a million noisy agitators. The spectacle of one United States Senator, paying, like BURTON, the penalty of wrong-doing, is worth an avalanche of talk, shot off indiscriminately whenever there is a chance of riding through hatred into some place of power. Work like Mr. HITCHCOCK's, where justice is made relentless, while remaining just, means true progress. What a contrast to the introduction of European

SLAVERY TO WORDS class hatred, coldly played upon for gain! Mr. HUGHES belongs to the class of Mr. HITCHCOCK—strong, quiet men who act, fearless alike of money and of crowds. Mr. HEARST's whole mind and character have been devoted to his papers. The following is a resolution passed by the Grand Army of the Republic on September 19, 1901:

"Resolved—That every member of the Grand Army of the Republic exclude from his household 'The New York Journal,' a teacher of anarchism and a vile sheet, unfit for perusal by any one who is a respecter of morality and good government."

WE CAN NOT ESCAPE from the prejudice that it would be a cheap and unworthy expression of American character to give high power and honor to the chief of the Slanderbund, who is also the leader of false journalism. He denounces bosses, but he and MURPHY fight for the lion's share of judges, to say nothing of other officials. Only fright at the last moment keeps Mr. HEARST from putting on the bench the creature who invents the corporation tricks by which Mr. HEARST avoids the payment of his debts. He objects to rich men escaping their just share of taxation, and throwing the burden on the poor; but in 1903 he swears his taxes down from \$200,000 to \$40,000, in 1905 from \$60,000 to \$30,000, and in 1906 from \$100,000 to \$35,000. Mr. HUGHES pays his taxes, as he meets all of his other honorable obligations. Mr. HEARST's name is in big letters on his "Morgen Journal," but he can not be held for its obligations. If it wrongs you, or owes you money, you must go to a corporation called the Morning Journal Association, with debts about three times as great as its assets. The "Evening Journal," decorated flaringly with Mr. HEARST's name, is also published by a corporation, with more debts than assets. "The American," with "WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST" in fierce letters, is published by **TRUTH** the "Star Company," with its address in a lawyer's office, containing no one connected with the company, and even the Sheriff has been unable to find anybody representing that company. What if he had? It has, according to its own statements, no accounts receivable, no goods, wares, or merchandise, no machinery or plant, no cash on hand or in the bank. The Star Company of New Jersey has its dummy offices in the same building with the Standard Oil Company, the Ice Trust, the Lighting Trust, the Book Trust, the Armour companies, Mr. HARRIMAN's Securities Company, various sugar and coal companies, and the rest of the corporation trickeries. Mr. HEARST appeals to laboring men by quoting as from LINCOLN words that LINCOLN never spoke. He gives accounts of RYAN's acquisition of power in the Equitable that are, as he knows, from top to bottom false. He promises, if elected, to do things which by law are far beyond the Governor's rights. He uses dummy directors and other tricks of incorporation, not only in his business but in securing absolute control of his Independence League. Worst and meanest, he turns the immense reach of his many papers toward poisoning the name of an honorable opponent, for whose victorious fights against the trusts Mr. HEARST himself has heretofore been loud in praise.

JOHAN MORAN HAS MEGALOMANIA. He can not help it, for he is not master of his fate. The disease is less fatal than hanging by the neck, but more contagious. It is almost epidemic among popular politicians at this moment. The swelling of the skull is thought by physicians to be injurious to the righteous functioning of the brain. In JOHN's case the swelling causes him to mistake noise for power, insolence for courage, and what his friend calls chewed wind for philosophic depth. He



sulked because the Massachusetts Democrats endorsed BRYAN for 1908, when the proper ticket for that year is WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST and JOHN BROWN MORAN. He is one of three; he recognizes no equals but said WILLIAM RANDOLPH

HEARST and one THOMAS WILLIAM LAWSON. He **EGOMANIA** thinks he is Atlas, but there is evidence that he is not. He is hysterical, inclined to frequent attacks of what might be called siroccos in the cerebellum, and is an almost idiotic worshiper of himself. Apart from these shortcomings, JOHN's qualifications for Governorship of the old Bay State are very high indeed.

FIRE-EATERS WILL NEVER solve the most depressing problem which Americans face to-day. Prophecies of wars of extermination are shallow folly, which result only in other imbecilities, in long lines of sequence, such as the resolution of the Massachusetts Republicans, who tried to make up for empty verbiage in their own affairs by warning distinctness about something which they would better let alone. Their impertinence stirs up the South; the harsher Southern expressions stir up everybody. Meantime, a large number of self-controlled and high-minded Southerners are making a settled effort to cure the evil by the principles of Christianity, while their inferior compatriots rely upon barbaric hate. Senator TILLMAN, violent as he is, and often injudicious, declares that lynching has proved that as a preventive it is a failure. It is more. It is an impediment to the working out of fundamental improvement. The Southern

WAYS OUT patriot to-day is the man who helps the South to raise the whole standard of order, for when that is raised, and not before, crime will decrease. The progress of industry will do much, as industry requires regularity. In industrial progress, in regulating liquor and cocaine, in improvement in the courts and police, in improved and fitting education for both races, and in a pride turned toward the triumph of law rather than toward the expression of hate, lies hope for the future. We find all through the South condemnation of the Atlanta "News" and the element which it represents. The Columbia "State" points out how wise it would be to make use of trustworthy negro detectives. The Memphis "Commercial-Appel" shows how necessary it is to retain the confidence which the innocent negro has in his white neighbors. No part of the world has greater courage, and we believe the South ultimately will triumph.

THE NEGRO HAS HIS HOPE. He has the opportunity for inspiration. He has the privilege of aspiration. He has the realities of religion, which are those of spiritual life, of industrial service, of the calls of every day. He is led, in his journey forward, by a preacher of rare devotion, insight, and unswerving straightness. To all young negroes we recommend BOOKER WASHINGTON's latest volume, which he calls "Putting the Most into Life." Spoken first in evening talks at Tuskegee, these little sermons are now given to the world. Addressed primarily to negroes, and focusing on their circumstances and problems, they are nevertheless so broad and deep that any open mind may well be fed by them. They are addressed to a race "whose mortality from pulmonary diseases is alarming," and, therefore, what is said about plowing, and deep breathing, and Wordsworthian strength and inspiration from country life, has a double force, but it is true and beautiful for any reader of any color. "He who

LIVING FAITH

lives outside the law is a slave. The freeman is the man who lives within the law, whether that law be the physical or the divine." "Our ability to make the world better depends entirely upon our ability to use every opportunity to make ourselves better." "Any education is to my mind 'high' which enables the individual to do the very best work for those by whom he is surrounded." The tributes to industrial work, and to existence near the soil, are full of understanding and inspired conviction, of simplicity, comprehension of the present, and faith in man. "No one," says Mr. WASHINGTON, "can degrade a single member of any race." The only person who can degrade you is yourself. To any negro, or any white man, who will read receptively the thirty-six pages of this tiny book, these large truths will become nearer and more woven in his daily life.

A. H. OHMANN-DUMESNIL, A.M., M.D., editor and proprietor of the St. Louis "Medical and Surgical Journal," need not answer our animadversions of a week ago. Probably he can not. His organ of editorial utterance has departed this troubled life. The patent medicine manifesto was its swan-song. Few will regret its demise. An old and once a representative publication, it gradually deteriorated until, under its latest owner, it became frankly the purchased mouthpiece of quackery. Nor does OHMANN-DUMESNIL rank higher, professionally, than his prostituted publication. Even as a journalist he is a fraud. He lends his name to matter not his own. The patent medicine matter he took as it was given to him from a morally decrepit Chicago journalist who collects data for the Proprietary Association of America, and, sedulously sifting out the truth from the lies, publishes the lies. Dr. A. H. OHMANN-DUMESNIL announces his "absorption" by another St. Louis publication, the "Medical Mirror." In one of his articles Mr. ADAMS has noted the "Mirror's" willingness to sell its editorial space to its proprietary advertisers. Perhaps it too were better dead. It has met a worse fate in OHMANN-DUMESNIL.

BETTER DEAD

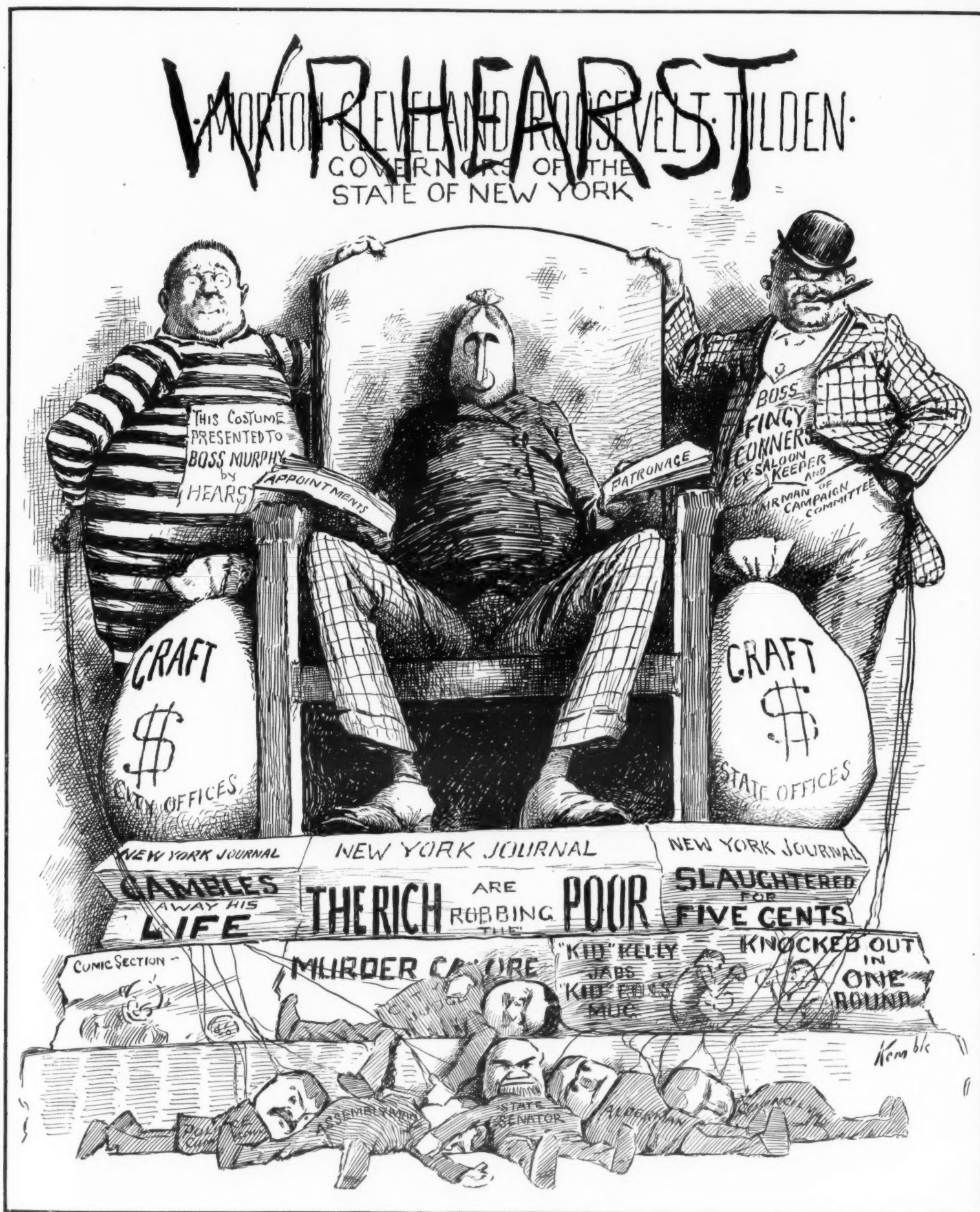
THE DISCOVERY of bacterial life, and the reduction of its activity to order and a place in our industrial systems, is a romantic chapter in Applied Science. One of the tasks to which these hard-working little cells have been most lately set is connected with that urgent problem of urban life, the disposal of sewage. Sewage not only teems with disease-producing germs, but its solid part is composed largely of organic matter. The "natural" breaking down of organic matter is through putrefaction, a process both disagreeable and dangerous to health. By the aid of bacteria this process of organic chemistry is now replaced by a process of inorganic chemistry. In loose terms, the sewage rusts instead of rotting, is nitrified instead of putrefied. The existence of bacteria which have the power of converting organic matter into inorganic nitrates has been known for some time, and within a few years they have been used to revolutionize one side of the science of sanitary engineering. The modern sewage-disposal plant consists, essentially, of a heap of rocks covered with a film of these bacteria. The sewage flows on to it a stream of unimaginable impurity. The bacteria seize upon the filth and cleanse the liquid, and from beneath the heap flows pure water laden with harmless salts.

BACTERIA

OSCAR S. STRAUS is one of the most conspicuous Jews in America. ABRAHAM HUMMEL is about equally conspicuous. These two, presumably, are among the first men heard about and talked about by the hundred and fifty thousand Jews who annually come to America. Educated Jews, of course, distinguish between them; but many immigrants lately come from Russia, as well as many young American-born Hebrews, groping blindly out of the Yiddish language and away from the ignorance of oppression, toward American ideals, may fail to see that one is a creditable, the other a thoroughly discreditable, leader of his race. Putting Mr. STRAUS in the Cabinet will enforce the distinction. Mr. STRAUS becomes, by his position, the foremost American member of his race. Young Jews, ambitious to get forward in the world, will emulate the Cabinet member, not the sordid type of unscrupulous success. Likewise it is harmful that, to a large number of recent Americans, CROKER and MURPHY stand for racial success—are the men for loyal Irishmen to look up to with pride, and for ambitious Irish youths to emulate. To help forward as racial leaders men of the character of Mr. STRAUS is probably the longest step toward the Americanizing of our immigrants that could be taken by a single act. There are ten thousand men in the United States whom Mr. ROOSEVELT might have put in his Cabinet. In so far as his singling out of Mr. STRAUS had for its motive the furnishing of an ideal to a million Jews already here, and another million coming, it was an act of far-seeing statesmanship. And the appointment is all the more to the President's credit since he must have foreseen the resentment of many powerful old-line Republicans at the appointment to a Cabinet office of a man who was a Cleveland favorite and voted the Democratic ticket as late as nine years ago.

BOLD AND RIGHT

IS THIS WHAT NEW YORK WANTS?



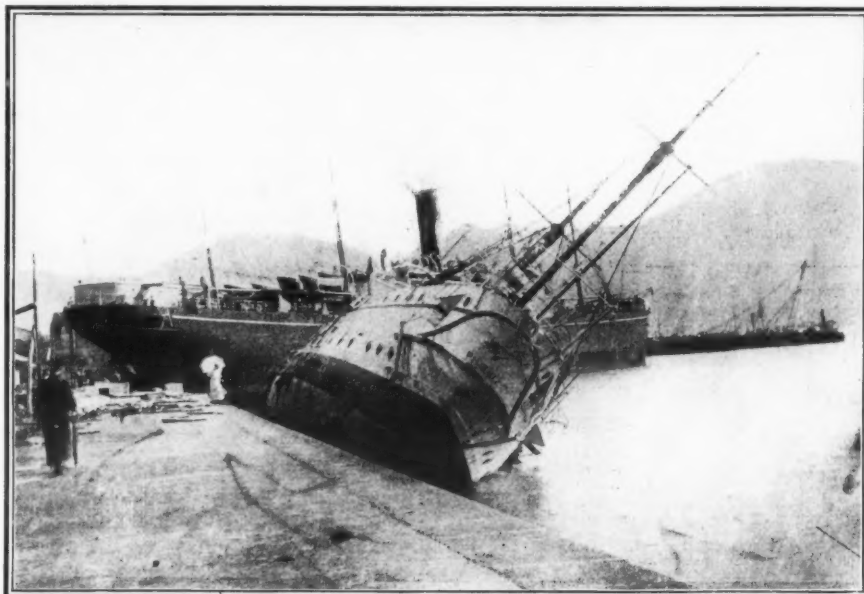
And if New York wants this at Albany now, why not in the White House two years hence?

THE TYPHOON AT HONGKONG



WRECK OF THE BRITISH GUNBOAT "PHOENIX." SHE WAS BUILT AT A COST OF \$340,000 AND IS A TOTAL LOSS

THE island of Hongkong and the neighboring seas were swept on the morning of September 18 by a typhoon which for destructiveness and appalling power has hardly been surpassed in the whole history of atmospheric riots. The hurricane struck without warning, and in two hours it had killed five thousand people and destroyed property valued at ten million dollars in gold. Some four thousand craft, large and small, were in the harbor at the time, and about half of them were sunk or wrecked on the shore. Every steamer that escaped total loss was more or



THE "PHOENIX" AND THE STRANDED C. P. R. STEAMSHIP "MONTEAGLE"

less damaged, eight large vessels, a British gunboat, and two French torpedo boats were wrecked, twenty steamers were driven ashore, and over forty were seriously injured. The Standard Oil Company's plant was wrecked, and the force of the wind was so great that three electric cars were telescoped by it in that vicinity. A hurricane of similar force struck Cuba, Florida, and the adjacent islands on October 17. An island off the Florida coast was overwhelmed by a wave and all its two hundred and fifty people were drowned. The losses in Cuba were estimated at two millions



THE FRENCH TORPEDO BOAT "FRANCISQUE," COMPLETELY DESTROYED



FRENCH TORPEDO BOAT "FRONDE," FIVE OF WHOSE SAILORS WERE KILLED

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE LAST WEEK OF THE CAMPAIGN

THE political campaign that ends next week has taken a most extraordinary course. Although a new Congress is to be elected, and President Roosevelt has urged the importance of electing Republican members, national issues almost everywhere have dropped completely out of sight. Secretary Shaw flits about like an uneasy ghost, warning the voters against the perils of cheap goods, but he might as well be whispering in a vacuum. Everywhere the people are thinking about local matters. They do not seem to consider national party names as having any further meaning.

In New York the ill-assorted elements that profess to follow Hearst have displayed some of the most startling novelties of behavior ever exhibited on a political counter. Mr. Hearst's Independence League has been making independent local nominations. Murphy, the Tammany boss who commands the strongest corps in the Hearst army, accused the League of holding up Tammany candidates for money. District Attorney Jerome promptly brought Murphy before the Grand Jury to substantiate his charges, but he said that he had merely been talking from hearsay. Meanwhile he professed unchanging loyalty to Hearst, but the candidate did not attend the Tammany ratification meeting, nor did Murphy occupy the box set apart for him at the great Hearst gathering of October 22 at Madison Square Garden. Every division of the Hearst army has seemed ready to turn its guns on every other. On the other hand, the Hughes campaign has suffered from apathetic and incompetent management. The whole burden has rested upon Mr. Hughes himself, and his support has been largely of a character that has done him more harm than good.

With any other Republican candidate than Hughes the condition of the State departments would have been a fatal weakness. The reputation of Mr. Hughes as a prober made it reasonable to suppose that he would get to the bottom of any rottenness that might exist in those quarters, and he has confirmed that presumption by the explicit promise that if elected he will make an examination to ascertain whether there has been any wrong-doing and fix the responsibility, no matter who may stand in the way. The Banking Department, the Insurance Department, and the Railroad Commission are assured of particular at-

tention. In the matter of insurance Mr. Hughes promises to have the department so run as to make effective the reforms embodied in the Armstrong laws, and if any improvements in the laws are needed to protect the interests of the policyholders, the amendments will have his support.

In Massachusetts the Moran frog has suddenly swelled from the dimensions of a freak aspirant for a District Attorneyship a year ago to those of a full-grown Presidential candidate. When Mr. Moran secured the Democratic nomination for Governor with the help of the Hearst brass bands and red fire it was understood that his candidacy was in the interest of Hearst for President in 1908. But in a speech at Natick, on October 18, he declared that he had eliminated Bryan and Hearst from the Massachusetts contest, and announced: "To make clear to all Republicans, Prohibitionists, and Democrats that I have no affiliation with any other man, I say to you that, if I am elected Governor this fall and reelected next fall, I want the delegates of Massachusetts to the national convention not for Hearst or Bryan, but for a Massachusetts man." Of course, there is only one Massachusetts man who measures up to Mr. Moran's standard of fitness for the Presidency.

The Democrats and Independent Republicans of Rhode Island are hopeful of breaking the hold of the Brayton-Aldrich ring on that handcuffed little State, now that Colonel Goddard, the Lincoln Republican candidate for United States Senator, has

accepted the Democratic State ticket headed by the dashing boy Mayor of Pawtucket, James H. Higgins. In Pennsylvania the demoralized Republican bosses, cowering under the State Capitol exposures, have found a weapon against the reform candidate for Governor, Mr. Emery, in the relations between his Pure Oil Company and Standard Oil. A question of veracity has also been raised against Mr. Emery, who accused State Senator McNichol of buying five Democrats for Quay in his last contest. McNichol sued Emery for libel, but the trial has been postponed until after election. Honest Republicans in Pennsylvania have seen with deep resentment the invasion of national leaders like Secretary Shaw and Speaker Cannon to help the plundering gang for the sake of the sacred tariff. In Wisconsin Senator La Follette is temporarily outside the breastworks on account of his mistake in picking the wrong man for the Republican nomination for Governor, but both parties have committed themselves to his principles, and he may consider himself successful whatever the result.

THE WAR STORY ENDED

AN epic chapter of history was closed with the death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis at New York, October 16, at the age of eighty. Mrs. Davis had survived her husband nearly seventeen years, and his great antagonist over forty-one years. She

had outlived almost all the prominent figures of the Civil War period, on both sides. Upon her family had been concentrated all the bitterness of the era of internecine hate, and if any one might have been pardoned for cherishing rancor to the end, it was surely she. But she set an example of magnanimous forgetfulness — she remembered the glories of the past but turned her eyes away from its scars. She made friends among the Northern people, and for years she had spent most of her time in New York.

Mrs. Davis was laid beside her husband at Richmond, with military honors, on October 19. Representatives of all the Southern States and of all the Confederate organizations were present. Among the innumerable floral offerings was one from President Roosevelt, who had sent a message of sympathy as soon as the death of Mrs. Davis was announced.



MURRAY WHARF, HONGKONG, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE TYPHOON OF SEPTEMBER 18

This photograph was taken by Collier's correspondent in Hongkong, at 10 o'clock in the morning, when the storm was at its worst, and is reproduced here just as it was received, only a trifle enlarged. It has not been retouched or strengthened in any way.

PREMIER CLÉMENTEAU

THE power behind the throne in French politics has moved to the front. M. Georges Clémenceau, who has been the strongest figure in France ever since the death of Gambetta, and has practically directed the Sarrien Ministry since its creation, is now Prime Minister in fact as well as in name. M. Sarrien resigned on October 19, nominally on the ground that he was suffering from chronic enteritis, but really, as was maliciously suggested, on account of acute Clémencitis, and M. Clémenceau was invited to form a Government. The overshadowing question before the new Ministry is that of the relations between Church and State. The crisis will come in little over a month, the time allowed to the religious bodies for accepting the terms of the Separation law expiring December 11.

When the news of the change of government became known apprehensions were expressed at the Vatican that it might embitter the religious conflict. M. Clémenceau's expressed opinions might have seemed to give some ground for this fear. As recently as the last day of September, speaking in his native Vendée, M. Clémenceau had spoken in the most uncompromising terms on the church question. "I see," he had said, "in one quarter and another an attempt to forecast the action of the Republican Government. Nothing is more simple. Rome rejects a law of privileges drawn to her profit. She says: 'All or nothing.' The time is past when she could have all. She must content herself now with the rights of every-



GEORGES CLÉMENTEAU

The leader of the old-line Radicals in France, editor of "L'Aurore," an early defender of Dreyfus, Minister of the Interior in the Sarrien Cabinet, and now Prime Minister

CHASING THE OCTOPUS

THE process of fitting "iron teeth" into the laws against corporate abuses is making rapid progress. The New York Central Railroad experienced the effects of this popular dentistry on October 17, when it was convicted in the United States Circuit Court at New York, along with its traffic manager, of giving rebates to the Sugar Trust. The evidence showed that the railroad had carried sugar from the trust to W. H. Edgar & Son in Detroit for eighteen cents per hundredweight when the open tariff rate was twenty-three cents. The regular rate was collected and the difference refunded in the form of rebates. After the evidence for the prosecution had been put in the case was submitted without any evidence for the defense. Mr. Austen G. Fox, of counsel for the corporation, remarked: "It is impossible to successfully defend rebate cases in the present state of public opinion." Without hesitation the jury rendered a verdict of guilty on all six counts of the indictments, and two days later Judge Holt sentenced the railroad to fines aggregating \$108,000 and fined Traffic Manager Frederick L. Pomeroy \$6,000. This is only one of many similar cases pending against the New York Central. While one corporation was on the grill in New York another was suffering in Ohio. The conspiracy case against the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was submitted to the jury on the evening of October 17. The trick of a British holding syndicate for one of the Standard's subsidiary corporations had been used to cover up the tracks of the trust, and there was a

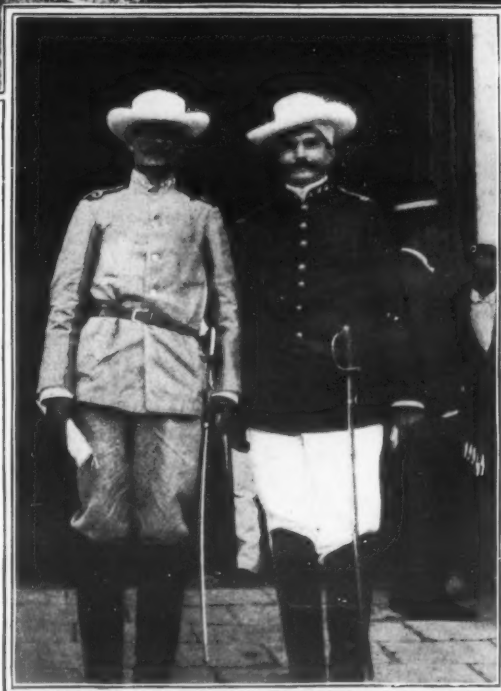
Insurgent color-bearer surrendering his rifle to the American military authorities at Guines



insurgent officer



A negro insurgent officer



GENERALS PINO GUERRA AND CASTILLO

After the intervention by the United States the countless "generals" of the insurgent Cuban army flocked into Havana and paraded themselves before the public. "General" Castillo spent most of his time with a tailor trying on gorgeous and variegated uniforms, when he ought to have been aiding to disband his rag-tag battalions in the bush

An insurgent command going home. The big negro at the end of the line is a "general"



Type of negro revolutionist

body, with the régime of liberty. We have offered you privileges. You haughtily repulse them. Let us say no more about it."

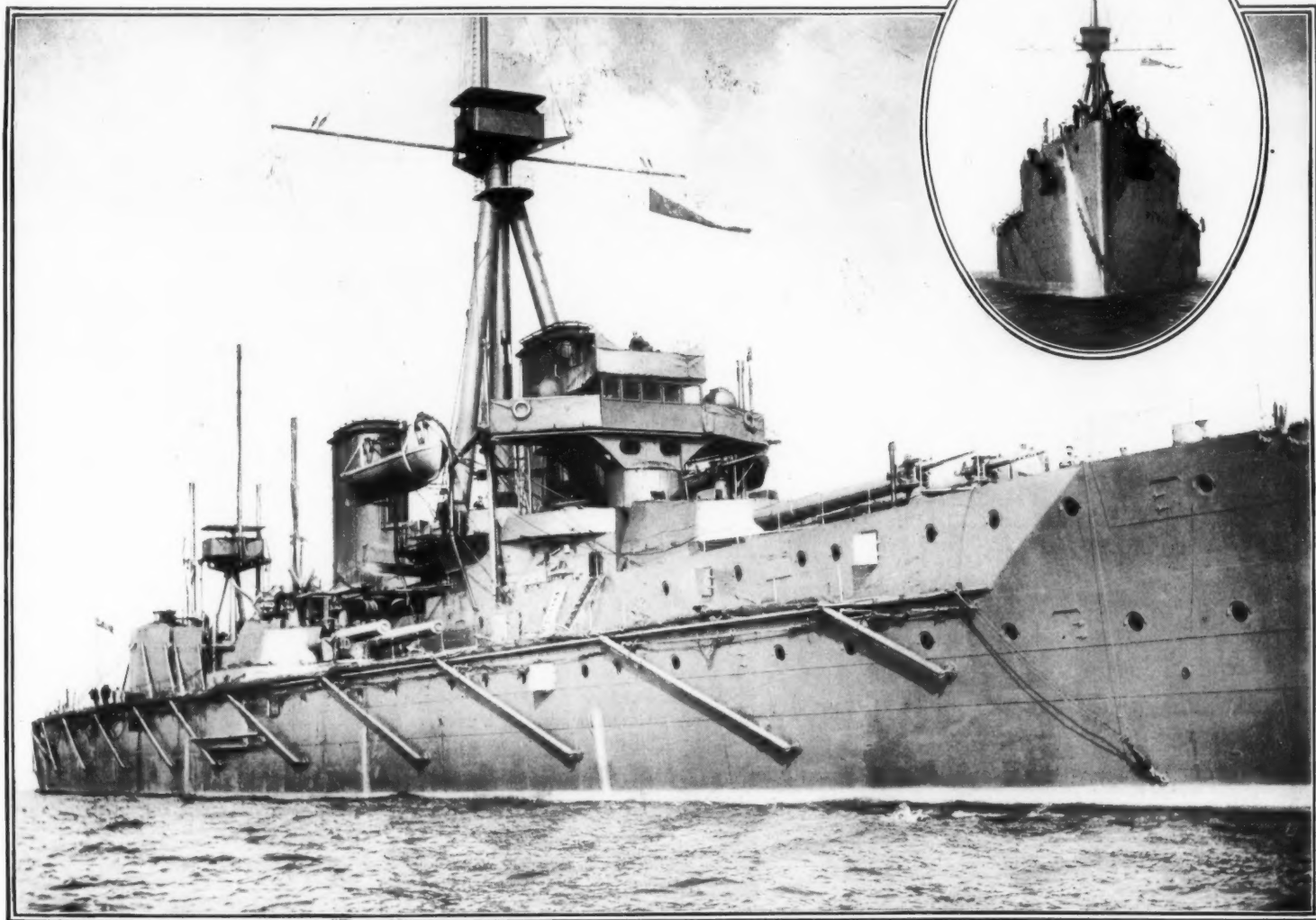
Nevertheless, M. Clémenceau is not anxious for conflicts that can be avoided. As Minister of the Interior he smoothed over the threatening troubles with strikers. He lived for four years in America and learned something here of the methods by which religious and civil liberty may be harmonized. M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador to the United States, who has just returned from Paris, expresses the opinion that the Clémenceau Ministry means peace.

The most dramatic stroke of M. Clémenceau in the selection of his Cabinet was the choice of General Picquart as Minister of War. The officer who was expelled from the army and apparently sacrificed a brilliant career because he demanded justice for Dreyfus is put over the heads of his former persecutors by the man who seemed at the time to have blighted his own political prospects in the same cause. The signal example of poetic justice which has raised Picquart from the position of a military outcast to that of head of the army has all been accomplished within six months.

small minority of the jury which was at first unable to find its way out of the tangle. But after thirty-two hours of deliberation, assisted by hymns, a verdict of guilty was finally reached. This was the first test of a new method of procedure, by information and affidavit instead of by indictment. While the prosecution of Standard Oil under State laws has thus scored a success in Ohio, and promises to be equally successful in other States, the Administration is making thorough preparations for a relentless campaign against it under the laws of the nation. In Tennessee the Grand Jury of the Special Term of the United States Court indicted the trust and some of its subsidiary companies on October 16, upon 1,524 counts, each covering the transportation of a carload of oil at discriminating rates. The legal penalty in case of conviction will range from \$1,000 to \$20,000 on each count, or from \$1,524,000 to \$30,480,000 in all.

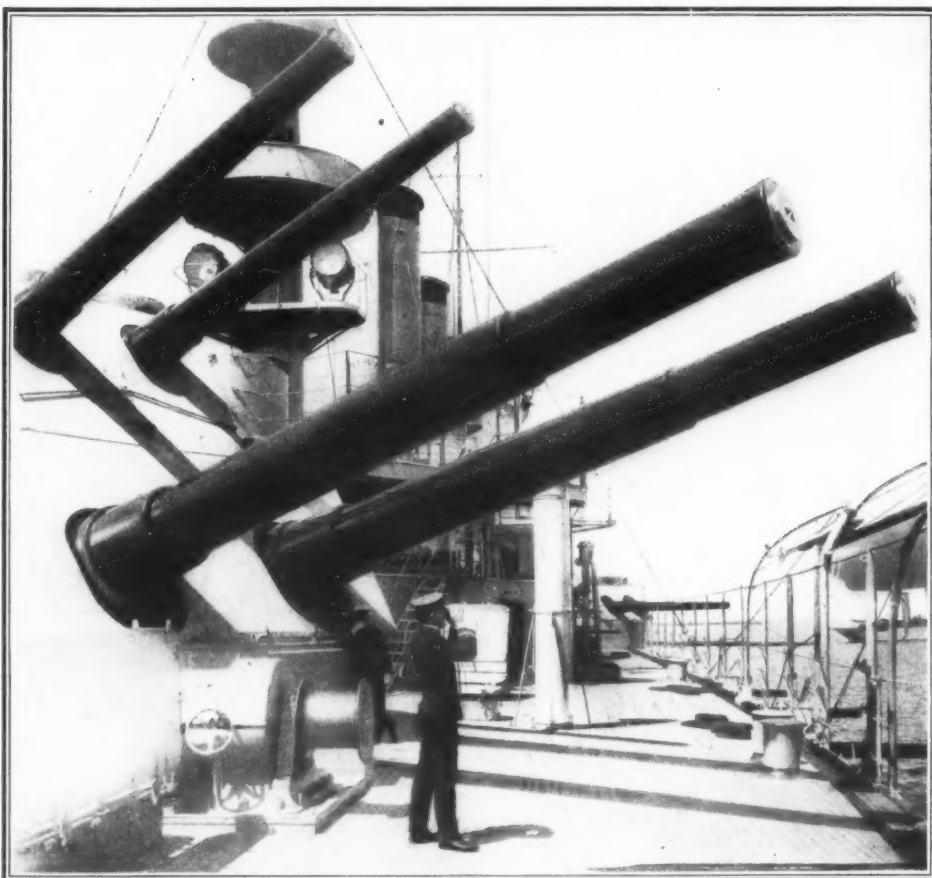
This is the happy time selected by certain British capitalists, according to a story circulated just after these trust disasters, for organizing an international syndicate with \$500,000,000 capital to take over all the plants of the American Beef Trust and rule the meat industry on both sides of the ocean. It was

THE DAY OF BIG GUNS



THE NEW BRITISH BATTLESHIP "DREADNOUGHT," WHICH MARKS A REVOLUTION IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION

THE "Dreadnought" is the latest addition to the British navy, and is likely to be a model for the other great navies of the world. She was built in the fastest time ever recorded for a battleship—within the extraordinarily short period of twelve months. She has a displacement of 18,000 tons, and carries ten 12-inch guns. Her secondary battery is inconsiderable. As may be seen from the small picture, which shows the bow of the "Dreadnought," six of the 12-inch guns may be fired forward at the same time—the two in the forward turret, and the two pairs in the port and starboard turrets. The mast of the "Dreadnought" is of a peculiar tripod shape; the men's quarters on the ship are aft instead of forward; and many other differences, most of which have been kept



THE 12-INCH GUNS AND 8-INCH GUNS OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "NEW JERSEY"

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secret, are included in the construction and arrangement of the ship. Naval experts assert that this newest British ship could in less than two hours' fighting sink any other two battleships afloat. The "Dreadnought," therefore, is to-day the most powerful battleship afloat, although Germany has some larger war vessels under construction. In our own navy the greatest number of 12-inch guns on any one ship is four. The lower photograph on this page shows a pair of the 12-inch guns on the battleship "New Jersey," with a pair of 8-inch guns in her superimposed turrets. These superimposed turrets, however, have been found to be a bad system of gun arrangement, and no more battleships of the "New Jersey" and "Kentucky" types will now be constructed for the United States navy

OUR EMBASSY TO ABDUL THE TAMED



Ambassador Leishman

After innumerable delays the Sultan of Turkey gave a ceremonial audience to the first American Ambassador on Friday, October 5, and received the letters of credence which raised Mr. Leishman from Minister to the level of the representatives of the other great powers



JOHN G. LEISHMAN, THE FIRST AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY, ON HIS WAY TO YILDIZ KIOSK



Diplomatic Assistants

The Ambassador and his suite drove to the palace in a gorgeous procession of state carriages, with coachmen and grooms in showy uniforms and an escort of mounted embassy "cavasses" and palace "tchaouches." Haidedin Bey, Introducer of Ambassadors, went along

alleged that Sir Thomas Lipton was at the head of this interesting enterprise. Sir Thomas denied any knowledge of it, as did the representatives of the Swift, Armour, and Morris packing companies. Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, observed benevolently that we had a Bureau of Corporations, especially charged with looking into matters of this kind, a Department of Justice, Attorney-Generals, grand juries, petit juries, and penitentiaries.

IN THE DEPTHS

THE French navy has suffered another disaster in the loss of the submarine torpedo-boat *Lutin*, which went down in a diving trial off Bizerta, October 16, with fourteen men and two officers and failed to come up. As in the case of the similar accident to the *Farfadet* last year all those who were carried down lost their lives. As it happened, rescue would have been impossible, for the *Lutin's* hatch was open and the crew must have been drowned at once. But even if the men had been merely imprisoned they would have died before the dilatory salvors got the boat to the surface. The *Lutin* stayed under water nearly a week before the French authorities succeeded in raising her, even with British help. The tragic lessons of the *Farfadet* and of the British submarines *A 1*, *A 5*, and *A 8* seem to have worked no improvement in European methods of dealing with such accidents. For some reason disasters of this kind do not happen in the American service, and our naval experts assert that they could not. It may be said that the reason for our immunity is that our submarines do not go to sea, but their construction certainly seems to provide against almost every conceivable mishap. But aside from that there apparently must be something wrong when, with all the appliances of a great naval station at hand, it takes a week to raise a craft as small as a submarine boat. The repeated disasters to submarines have led to suggestions that all nations should bind themselves at The Hague to abandon their use,

PURE FOOD ABROAD

MORE information keeps filtering out concerning the kind of food sold in the European countries that were so shocked by the Chicago packing-house revelations. Dr. S. E. Harris, Health Officer of Islington, England, as quoted by Consul Brittain, of Kehl, reports that the use of preservatives is increasing. People who buy pure home-grown products have the privilege of consuming without extra charge alum, alcohol, ammonium acetate, boric acid and its compounds, carbon dioxide, copper salts, fluorin compounds, formic acid, formaldehyde, peroxid of hydrogen, oxygen, pyroligneous acid, saccharin, salicylic acid, saltpetre, sodium carbonate, sodium and calcium sulfites, and sulfuric acid. Some of these things are put into almost every kind of food sold, including bacon, ham, beer, bottled fruit, milk, butter, cheese, cream, fish, fresh meat, game, sausages, temperance drinks, and vegetables. Their purpose is to delay decomposition and to enable stale or improperly prepared food to be sold as fresh. A board was appointed seven years ago to investigate the abuse of preservatives, but nothing has ever come of its report.

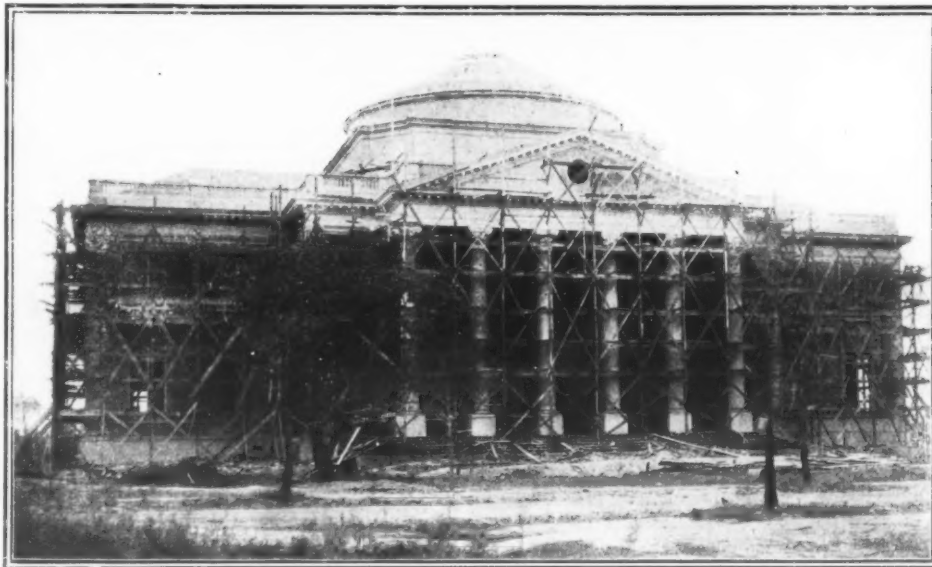
On the other hand, a report of Consul-General Mason on the meat supply of Paris shows that the

people there have nothing to complain of, at least in that respect. "The intelligent, careful thrift of the French farmer," says Mr. Mason, "the rational system of inspection of animals and meats before and after slaughtering, the cleanliness and orderly management enforced at the abattoirs and the 'halles,' combine to render the meat supply of Paris regular, abundant, and equal perhaps in quality to that of any city in the world."

SOUTH SEA SECESSION

AFTER a life of less than six years the Australian Commonwealth is threatened with disruption. Western Australia, the last State to enter the Union, proposes to be the first to leave it. On October 16 the Legislative Assembly resolved, by a vote of 19 to 8, that the State should separate from the Commonwealth. This action followed a preliminary vote, on September 26, that the union had proved detrimental to the interests of Western Australia and that the time had arrived for submitting the question of withdrawal to the people. It was no hasty outburst of petulance, therefore, but the expression of a deliberate determination. The Assembly acted under the leadership of the Premier, who based his proceeding upon the rejection of a survey for a transcontinental railroad by the Senate of the Commonwealth.

The trouble in Australia is precisely the same as that which threatened the life of the Dominion of Canada in its infancy. British Columbia had joined the Dominion on the pledge that the Federal Government would secure the construction of a transcontinental railway. The delay in carrying out this promise so enraged the British Columbians that for years they were on the point of cutting the painter. In Australia the sparse settlements on the west coast are separated from the eastern centres of population by a desert which, for all practical purposes, is impassable. Western Australia has an advantage over British Columbia in having easy communication with the east by sea, but there is a natural



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

The buildings for the exposition to be held at Jamestown, Virginia, from the 13th of next May to the 1st of November to celebrate the first permanent English settlement within the present boundaries of the United States are making rapid progress. They will be artistic, although not as large as in former expositions, since the chief attraction is to be the naval display

desire for something more direct. It is not surprising, however, that the other States should hesitate about undertaking an enterprise of such doubtful profit.

If Western Australia should insist upon secession, and should succeed upon carrying it out, one of the most interesting experiments in history would end in failure. There is no other example in the world, and there never has been any other example, of a continental country without land frontiers. The Australian Commonwealth occupies every inch of its continent, with no neighbors and no boundary but the sea. It includes even the neighboring island of Tasmania. It occupies the same position the United States would occupy if there were no Canada on the north and no Mexico on the south. What that means to the peaceful development of the country may be imagined. It should mean a total absence of foreign complications

and a chance to devote the entire mind and strength of the nation to the solution of domestic problems.

The secession of Western Australia would not cut very heavily into the present population of the Commonwealth—the State has only a quarter of a million people out of four millions—but it would hopelessly mutilate the fair image of a united continent. With nearly a million square miles, the State has a third of the entire area of Australia. Its loss would deprive the Commonwealth of its entire western and large parts of its northern and southern coasts. Instead of a total absence of land frontiers there would be a boundary twelve hundred miles long, stretching straight across the continent, and this, if the already strong separatist tendencies should gain the upper hand, might be in time the boundary not between neighboring British colonies, but between rival nations.

There has been a peculiar arrangement by which goods from the other Australian States have been subject to duties upon entering Western Australia. But this was meant to be only temporary, the duties diminishing on a sliding scale, and the collections were to have ceased on October 8 of this year, just at the time when the secession movement was coming to a head. The dread of continental free trade may have had something to do with the desire to cut loose.

Although Western Australia is the least populous of the continental States of the Commonwealth, it has a greater promise than any other. It is the largest in area and has had by far the most rapid recent growth in population. It is the second gold-producing State in the world, its output of \$42,000,000 in 1904 ranking next to that of the Transvaal and greatly exceeding that of the Klondike and California combined.

THE NEW ROOSEVELT CABINET

The coming shifts that will make the nearest approach to a complete reorganization of the White House advisory staff since President Roosevelt succeeded McKinley

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM



CHARLES J. BONAPARTE
To be Attorney-General

Mr. Bonaparte is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, the youngest brother of Napoleon. He was born in Baltimore in 1851, has been a lawyer there since 1874 and a prominent reformer, but never held a political office until appointed Secretary of the Navy, although he became a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners in 1902.

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GEORGE VON L. MEYER
To be Postmaster-General

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VICTOR H. METCALF
To be Secretary of the Navy

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GEORGE B. CORTELYOU
To be Secretary of the Treasury



OSCAR S. STRAUS
To be Sec'y of Commerce and Labor

Mr. Straus, merchant and philanthropist, was formerly a Democrat and served as Minister to Turkey with great credit first under the Democratic Administration of Cleveland and second under the Republican Administration of McKinley. President Roosevelt appointed him four years ago a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

CABINET slate-making is in order. William Henry Moody, after a brilliant record as Attorney-General, is to retire from public life and resume the practice of the law. The President is very loath to part with the services of so able a legal adviser, but Mr. Moody's desire to make himself financially independent, while in his prime, is an ambition of which Mr. Roosevelt heartily approves. Thus a vacancy is soon to occur, and with it there is naturally some shifting of Cabinet portfolios. The following changes are announced: Charles Joseph Bonaparte of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, to be Attorney-General; Victor Howard Metcalf of California, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to be at the head of the Navy Department; Oscar Solomon Straus of New York, ex-Minister to Turkey, to be appointed Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

It has also been known for some time that Leslie M. Shaw is to return to private life. His retirement from the Treasury Department necessitates other changes, and the slate decided upon is this: George Bruce Cortelyou of New York, Postmaster-General, to be Secretary of the Treasury; George von Lengerke Meyer of Massachusetts, Ambassador to Russia, to be Postmaster-General; James Rudolph Garfield of Ohio, Commissioner of Corporations, in line for a Cabinet appointment should another vacancy occur.

By far the most interesting and important of these appointments is that of Mr. Straus. This diplomat, author, lawyer, and merchant is an Orthodox Jew. Yet when Minister to Turkey he succeeded admirably in adjusting the differences of Christian missionaries with the Porte. His diplomacy in this regard was of such a high order that missionary organizations have suggested, from time to time, that he be sent again to Turkey to settle the new troubles there.

Probably the motive which inspired Mr. Roosevelt in selecting an Orthodox Jew for an important place in his Cabinet is one which has actuated him in a large number of his appointments both as President and as Governor of New York. He believes that to stimulate right ideals among immigrant races and religions, good men belonging to those bodies should be honored with high office. He believes that Catholic youths should have a Justice Cullen of New York (appointed by Mr. Roosevelt while Governor), or a Secretary Bonaparte, to look up to and emulate, rather than a Croker or a Murphy, and that immigrant Jews should have their eyes turned to a man of character and American ideals, like Mr. Straus, rather than to notorious examples of unscrupulous success.

Mr. Straus is a Roosevelt Democrat. Up to the first McKinley campaign in 1896 he had always been a Democrat. In that year he voted the Republican national ticket, but a year later supported the Democratic State ticket in New York, so that his Republicanism is of only eight years' growth. In 1900 he supported McKinley and Roosevelt, and in 1904 wrote a strong campaign document advocating the election of Roosevelt and Fairbanks.

Mr. Straus is fifty-six years old. He lived in Georgia until he was fifteen, then moved to New York and was

graduated from Columbia College in 1871, and from the Columbia Law School in 1873. He practised law in New York until 1881, and then entered mercantile life. President Cleveland appointed him Minister to Turkey, where he speedily won an enviable reputation. A man of pleasing personality, wide intelligence, thoroughly well versed in the science of diplomacy, a fine, logical reasoner, and at the same time a practical man of affairs, Mr. Straus was a striking success in one of the most difficult diplomatic posts. He was in excellent standing at the palace, and could obtain at any time an audience with the Sultan, who accorded him many of the privileges of an Ambassador. Although not a Christian, he could sympathize with the troubles of the missionaries, for whom he adjusted many serious problems. So successful was he at this post that McKinley urged him to remain, and he was accredited to Constantinople until 1900. On the death of ex-President Harrison, Presi-

takes rank with Secretaries Root and Taft. His rise from obscurity has been almost romantically rapid. In 1894 he was stenographer to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General; then executive clerk, assistant secretary, and secretary to the President—to two Presidents, for Roosevelt retained him as his secretary. In 1903 he was appointed as the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor; then he became chairman of the Republican National Committee—a post he still holds—and next Postmaster-General. Thus, ten years after entering the Post-Office Department as a stenographer he had become its official head. Now he is to be Secretary of the Treasury, a portfolio which officially ranks next to that of the Secretaryship of State, and which in the hands of a strong man surpasses it in power.

The second newcomer to the Cabinet is George von Lengerke Meyer, a very wealthy man, who will be the New England representative. The new Postmaster-General is a friend of Senator Lodge, and their political alliance, so to speak, came about in an interesting way. After serving in the Massachusetts Legislature from 1892 to 1897, half of which time he was Speaker of the House, Mr. Meyer cast his eyes longingly on a seat in Congress. He is a resident of the "Sacred Cod" district, whence comes Representative Gardner, son-in-law of Senator Lodge. Meyer ran against Gardner for the Republican nomination, and was beaten. Whereupon he vowed that next time he would have the nomination. As his purse is long, and he is a liberal campaign contributor, it looked as if he might carry off the prize. Then, according to the story, Senator Lodge came to Washington and began to sing the praises of Meyer and to exploit his fitness for diplomatic posts of high honor. This, of course, may only be a story, but the fact remains that George von Lengerke Meyer was made Ambassador to Italy. Subsequently Mr. Meyer was transferred to St. Petersburg, which post he held during the Russo-Japanese war. And it was his services to the President in the trials of international peace-making that really earned for him a place in the Cabinet.

In considering the new Roosevelt Cabinet one is struck, first, with the fact that it is a Cabinet composed largely of young men—of men but a little older than the President, who is forty-eight. Secretaries Hitchcock and Wilson, at seventy-one, may be called old men. Secretary Root is ten years their junior, but at sixty-one he is in his prime. The other Cabinet officers range in this order: Straus, fifty-six; Bonaparte, fifty-five; Metcalf, fifty-three; Taft, forty-nine; Meyer, forty-eight; and Cortelyou, forty-four.

Geographical lines do not count for so much in the new Cabinet; that is to say, the President, as in other things, has not been afraid to disregard the established precedents that forbid the assignment of more than one man to a State and require all sections to be represented in the Cabinet. New York, Roosevelt's State, has three representatives, and there are one each from Massachusetts, Maryland, Ohio, Missouri, Iowa, and California. The vast regions south of the Potomac and between the Missouri River and the Sierras are unrepresented.

Coming Changes in the Cabinet

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, to be Attorney-General.

VICTOR HOWARD METCALF of California, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to be at the head of the Navy Department.

OSCAR SOLOMON STRAUS of New York, ex-Minister to Turkey, to be appointed Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU of New York, Postmaster-General, to be Secretary of the Treasury.

GEORGE VON Lengerke MEYER of Massachusetts, Ambassador to Russia, to be Postmaster-General.

JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD of Ohio, Commissioner of Corporations, in line for a Cabinet appointment should a vacancy occur.

dent Roosevelt appointed Mr. Straus to the vacant membership on the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. He is president of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, president of the National Primary League, and vice-president of the National Civic Federation.

Although Mr. Bonaparte has come to enjoy the Navy portfolio, he has a natural love for the law and will therefore find in the Department of Justice more congenial work. Mr. Metcalf, who was a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives, desired to be Secretary of the Navy when he first entered the Cabinet. But Paul Morton had received a prior invitation, and had selected the Navy portfolio.

Mr. Cortelyou's experience in matters of administration has been remarkably varied. In this regard he

THE ARMY OF PACIFICATION

The occupation of Cuba.—Splendid appearance and discipline of the American troops.—Was the course adopted by the Administration consistent and logical, or merely expedient and diplomatic?

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



HAVANA, October 15, 1900

AS a man running after his hat is regarded as comic, there are certain other stock situations which have become accepted as dramatic: the woman galloping to the gallows with a reprieve, or the relief of a besieged and starving garrison. On such occasions human beings, as a rule, exhibit great emotions; relief, excitement, joy; and help to make the occasion interesting. We have come to expect it. Under the same conditions people always have acted in that way. And so; when they act in an entirely different way that is even more interesting and much more dramatic.

Once I had the good fortune to inform a murderer that the Governor of New York had decided not to hang him the following morning, or, indeed, ever. One rather expected an explosion of some sort, but the man only said deliberately and thoughtfully: "Well, that's pretty good, isn't it, that's pretty good?"

When General Buller, after two months of very hard fighting to relieve Ladysmith, rode into that city, those correspondents who were not present told how the women of the besieged city wept, and cried: "God bless you!" and even caressed the horses of the men who had rescued them. That is what always had happened when every other besieged city had been relieved. What really occurred was that the women and young girls of Ladysmith, who were nice, middle-class Colonial, were so afraid the men from the outside would presume upon the unusual occasion and speak to them without being introduced, that they kept their eyes modestly cast down and proudly passed us by.

The landing of an army on a foreign soil would seem distinctly to be among those events that possess the dramatic element.

Apathy of the Cubans

IMAGINE an army of pacification marching up Broadway carrying a strange flag, and issuing commands in a foreign language; and by its mere presence telling the people of New York they no longer were their own masters, that the invading army had come to rule them, if necessary to shoot them. From the spectators on the sidewalks one might fairly expect some show of resentment, a few taunts and curses; with so many new buildings going up, some one might be excused if he threw a brick. But here in Havana, when our navy landed the marines, and the army landed the Fifth Infantry and a battalion of engineers, the Cubans exhibited no more interest, less, in fact, than they show in a few hundred "Seeing Havana" tourists from a visiting steamer.

And our own men were equally matter-of-fact. Even the regulars, to whom foreign ports are not as old a story as they are to the blue-jackets, accepted Havana as they might Brooklyn. They did not see themselves as *conquistadores*. They did not swagger, or laugh and talk loudly, or show any consciousness of the fact that what they were doing was for the moment conspicuous, and for the future a date the school-teacher would expect their grandchildren to know.

The Paula Wharf, where they landed, faces a convent, and as they stood at ease under the corrugated zinc of the wharf, what they saw of the new world they had come to administer was the yellow wall of the convent and looking over it a row of little girls, who are at school there, and the nuns holding them by their skirts. The little girls were the only Cubans who looked twice at the soldiers, and the soldiers, as soon as they were seated in the trolley-cars at the end of the wharf, were chiefly interested as to whether or not the trol-

ley-cars had been built in St. Louis. One of the soldiers pointed out that the cars must have been made in Cuba, because, while the language of St. Louis is German, the regulations painted in the car against smoking and talking to the *motorista* were in Spanish. This deduction gained him many followers. But others maintained the signs could have been painted in the cars after they reached Cuba.

According to the writer of fiction, the invaders should have been thrilled with the fact that for the first time many of them were putting foot upon an island they had wrested from Spain, and which, no doubt, they soon would take over for themselves. But what really occupied their minds was who built a trolley-car that they never had seen before, and would not see again.

Eight Years After

TO any one who in the campaign against Spain watched our troops embark at Tampa and land in Cuba the improvement the landing of this week showed over the one of eight years ago seemed almost as important as the act of intervention. I am not comparing the actual landing eight years ago on a bare beach through a heavy surf with the present one at a wharf in a land-locked harbor; I refer to the general moving of the army then and now. There was all the vital difference of the work of an amateur and of a professional.

Before the days of Tampa Bay, in transportation the army had no greater experience than the moving of a troop or a regiment by train over different parts of the same country. The difficulties of transportation were solved by the train-despatcher; the commissariat problem was met by halting at railroad lunch-counters. Since the war with Spain the army has had to move, not troops and companies, but brigades and army corps, not from Fort Sill to Fort Riley, but half around the world. Having landed them there, to the number of sixty thousand, it has had to fight them, feed them, clothe them, doctor them, reinforce them with as many thousand more, and, over the second half of the world, conduct them safely home. The result of this eight years of unceasing active service, and also of the wisdom of Secretary Root in establishing the General Staff, is an army in organization second only to that of the Japanese, and in personnel no none. This is no prejudiced boast. Before the war with Spain our recruiting officers were accepting thirteen of every hundred men who offered themselves for enlistment. Then the American Army consisted of twenty-five thousand men, and we could afford to pick and choose. At that time in Europe recruiting officers were accepting by enlistment or conscription ninety out of every hundred. The contrast was so marked that when the regulars were arriving at Tampa the foreign military attaches were always asking one: "Is this your *corps d'élite*?" "Is this the President's body-guard?" They could not believe that in our army every man was a picked man.

Two years after the war with Spain, when our army was enlarged to sixty thousand, and need of men for the Philippines was urgent, the standard was woefully lowered. The enlisted men looked like messenger boys. The ranks were filled with pimply-faced, stoop-shouldered youths who should have been wearing the uniform of the hotel hall-boy.

Our Troops are an Army of Giants

BUT in the last six years these unpromising specimens developed to their full height and girth, the immediate need of men of any condition for the Philippines passed, and again the recruiting officers could pick and choose. There has been again a selection of the fittest, and to-day the enlisted men, although the army is more than twice as large as in 1898, are the same stalwart, but alert and active, giants that caused the foreigners to think each regiment was the "President's Own." In the line of business I have seen nearly every army in the world, and, than the men landed here this week, I have not seen finer soldiers.

There are two contrasts between the Army of 1898 and the Army of Pacification that most impress one. The first is the youth of the company officers. In 1898 there were first lieutenants of forty-five, and some captains of fifty-five. To-day you would not dare to call any one under the rank of a general middle-aged, and these boy captains are all veterans. Many of them in the Philippines commanded a regiment, and some, as

Military Governors of provinces, held absolute authority over one hundred thousand natives.

The other change one noted between the two armies is that where the older officers of 1898 were harassed by the new problems the war presented, and only at peace when they got to fighting; these same officers, and the new officers, with the advantage of eight years of training, now refuse to see that there are any problems to solve. The days when an officer of the Quartermaster's Department abandoned the army to find its way to the transports, while he slept on board of one of them, and would not disclose the number of the transport because he "did not wish to be disturbed"; when artillery was loaded on one transport, the caissons on another, the ammunition on another, and the men on a fourth; when brigadier-generals of the Volunteer Army turned for advice to first lieutenants of the Regular Army, and medical supplies were stored in the hold, and troop horses on the deck above them,—it is safe to say, are over.

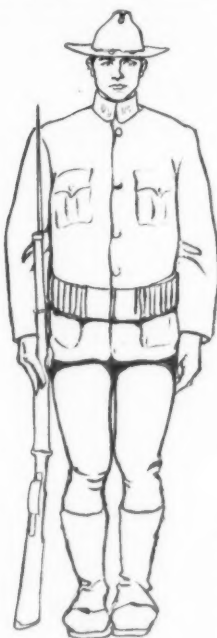
The advance guard of the Army of Pacification came in groups of young men in civilian "whites," tan shoes, and straw hats, who sat around the Café of the Miramar with apparently nothing on their minds save the proper adjustment of Bacardi with lemonade. It is true, half of them had already served in Havana "with Wood," and to them in the situation there was nothing new. But the other half had not, and in the unusual surroundings they found nothing to disturb them except the beauties of the sunsets behind Cabanas Fortress.

The Men Who Paved the Way

TRY to compare the work they had before them with your own difficulties, when, before returning from the summer's vacation, you set about putting the town house in order. There were servants to engage, rooms to repaper, carpets to be laid, curtains to hang, the coal-bins to fill, the grocer and the wine merchant to be consulted. You made out long shopping lists, estimates; and quite lost your temper. Had you been forced to make the same preparations in a foreign country it would have been much worse. You were trying to put but one house in order; these young men in the Panama hats had been forwarded by telegraph to a foreign country to start housekeeping for seven thousand men, to lodge them, feed them, clothe them! Two days after they had landed they began taking from their pockets contracts calling for hundreds of pounds of fresh meat, fresh fish, fresh fruit, for two thousand horses, for lumber and cement, for iron water-pipes, smoking tobacco, "soft drinks," leases for wharfs, for whole blocks of office buildings, for private residences, for lighters and tramp steamers. No one was excited or peevish, no one lost his temper, his sleep, or appetite. They all worked together as smoothly as the separate parts of an automobile going downhill.

The marines were just as offensively at ease. But of the "handy man," that is now taken for granted. The day I visited Santiago de las Vegas there were four of their officers assisting Major Ladd in disarming and disbanding the rebels. Major Ladd told Captain Feland to entrain two hundred insurgents and two hundred ponies. Two things about which a man from a battleship might excusably show ignorance are railroads and horses. In the daily routine of a ship neither hold an important part.

But in a moment we saw Captain Feland shunting and backing freight-cars, coupling and uncoupling them, swinging himself to the cowcatchers of moving engines, heading off fright-



ened ponies, rounding up the runaways in the corral, and driving them kicking and bucking up the steep gangways and into the cars. You would have thought all of his young life had been spent as master of a freight-yard, or as foreman on a ranch.

What Congress may have to say about the manner in which the representatives of the Administration—Secretary Taft, Assistant Secretary Bacon, Mr. Morgan, the American Minister, and Mr. Steinhart, the Consul-General—handled the crisis one can not guess. But had the members of Congress dropped in at the Legation, or into the patio of the Spanish home of Mr. Morgan at Marianao, where the Peace Commission held its session, and which was within three hundred yards of the rebel outposts, and listened to the problems that demanded to be happily and quickly settled, they would have been glad that some one else had the settling of them, and they would have rewarded our representatives with a vote of thanks.

Until the State Department publishes the entire correspondence no one will know how very difficult and unpleasantly delicate was the position in which Mr. Taft was placed. The patience he showed, the tolerance and common sense, were admirable.

But there is no question that the course we chose was a compromise.

A Complex Situation

THERE were two courses to follow: to support the Government or to support the rebels. To get at what we should have done, we should clearly understand what was our duty in Cuba. Was it to place one faction or another in office? It certainly was not. It was to preserve the Republic of Cuba, and, to do that, to uphold the Government. As it happened, the party in power was of our own choice. Palma was our candidate. General Wood was accused even of forcing him, as a safe man and as a friend of the United States, upon the Cubans. But, friendly or unfriendly, his was the established government. Opposed to him were self-declared rebels and revolutionists. Whether the Government was or was not corrupt was not the question. It was our duty to maintain it, not because it was Palma's Government, but in order to show the Cubans that, of more importance than anything else is it that they should obey their own laws and constitution. To teach them that if they elect a man President of Cuba it is better he should remain President, no matter how bad a chief executive he may be, than that they should run him out of office with machetes and threats of assassination. Had we said to the rebels: "This man is your President; if necessary to maintain the Government and to keep order we will support him with the entire forces of the United States, and next term, if you elect your man to office, we will give the same protection to him," we would have stood for law and order. As it is, we have placed a premium on rebellion.

Of the two courses the one we adopted was the "safer" course. If it were necessary for us to have peace at once to save the crops, and without regard for the future, it was the course to follow. But by following it, in the eyes of the Cubans, the United States gave its official approval to revolution.

Mr. Taft's explanation of the situation is like this: "The Platt Amendment does not say we must interfere; it says we may interfere. So, before intervention, we asked the Government if it were strong enough to suppress the rebellion, or, if not, could it come to some compromise with the Liberals. The Government assured us it was not strong enough to put down the rebellion. We could see for ourselves that it was not. And it would not agree to a compromise. It then resigned, leaving the island with no one to govern it. We came in, much as does a receiver of a wrecked bank or railroad, to put it in working order again."

What also seemed to weigh with Mr. Taft against the Moderates, or Government Party, was that the elections which brought that party back to office were grossly fraudulent. He felt reluctant to sacrifice United States troops to support in office a government that was not justly entitled to that office. In supporting the Moderates, there also was the danger of provoking much bloodshed. Before our troops could have reached Cuba, there is no question but that the rebels might have taken Havana, and we would have had either to recognize them or to fight them for several months. The fighting need not have been serious, but to kill the men for whom a few years ago the same soldiers were offering their lives was impossible.

By following the course we did we avoided shedding the blood of either Cubans or Americans, brought about a temporary peace, did no harm to the great and good work Mr. Root had performed in South America, and preserved the traditional friendship of the President for Cuba, a friendship of which he must be growing rather tired. But there are many who believe that we should have stood resolutely by the recognized government, that our first duty was to teach the Cubans they must not resort to rebellion, that by revolution they can gain nothing.

Personally, I believe there was not the slightest danger of bloodshed, that the rebels would have surrendered to ten marines as quickly as they did to the threat of seven thousand regulars, and that had we sent ten marines to "Pino" Guerra, and told him that there were many thousand more at home like them, and that we had declared for the Government and would arrest him, he and all of his generals would have cried: "Don't shoot, Colonel, I will come down."

As a matter of fact, when at the request of President Palma our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Jacob Sleeper, ordered a hundred and fifty marines on shore to protect the palace, the rebel generals fell over each other in

hurry in to surrender. Because the landing of the marines looked like intervention and because at that moment, to the President, intervention, on account of Mr. Root's mission of goodwill to South America, was most unpalatable, he ordered the marines back to the ship.

By the State Department Mr. Sleeper was not commended, but, as a matter of history, Sleeper's "mistake" was what first laid bare the fact that the rebels,

her credit, and her national life. Here in Havana Mr. Taft has about as much time to think of annexation as a doctor cutting out an appendix has leisure to think of the stock market.

At home we see our public men too closely; not as they really are, but as they appear in the caricatures, and exaggerated by the newspaper searchlights. Mr. Taft, at public banquets acting as press agent for the Administration, has not always seemed to me an impressive figure. Caricatures of him, ponderous, smiling, with a palm-leaf fan, seated on the Philippines, on Panama, on Cuba, singing: "There Was I, Sitting on the Lid," while they do not hurt him, do not help us to take him seriously. But Mr. Taft at work down here—honestly frightened at the difficulties of the job, without a thought for Europe, without an eye for the reporters from the home papers waiting in the patio, treating treacherous, tricky Cuban "statesmen" and vain, jealous Cuban "generals" as courteously as he would a British Ambassador, weighing, balancing, laughing off the little troubles, astutely meeting the real ones—loomed a large and interesting man.

Sooner than lose the ball, he made a "safety," to gain temporary peace he sacrificed a principle, but, as two years from now the end will be the same, what does it matter? We were lucky in having as good a man "on the job." His value to the United States always will be his genius for common sense.

The Last Chance

WHAT is going to happen in Cuba in the next six months no one can tell until the next six months have passed. At present in Havana the tip has been given out to treat the Cubans like superior beings, if possible, to take them as seriously as they take themselves; if a negro on a mule, with two hundred other negroes on stolen ponies, says to one of our officers: "I am a general," the orders are to answer heartily: "Sure! You are a major-general!"

We have been very tolerant with the rebels. Perhaps, in order to get them to disarm and to disband it was wise to be so. But in seeking not to hurt their finer feelings we have sacrificed some of our own. For one thing, we have allowed each insurgent to take home the pony he stole while in the brush, so laying up against the Provisional Government countless lawsuits and claims, and, what is more important, giving both horse-thief and horse-owner a puzzling idea of our honesty. And those Rural Guards paid by the Government to protect it, and who, with arms and ponies, deserted to the rebels, we have reinstated. What an incentive that offers to those who remained loyal! What an absolutely incorrect idea it teaches of our own rules of discipline!

The rebels have had a very pleasant run for their money, and it is necessary that better late than never they should be taught that what they did was naughty; and that if it happens again they will lose their pretty island. From now on it would be better if there were less of the hand of velvet and more of the carpet slipper.

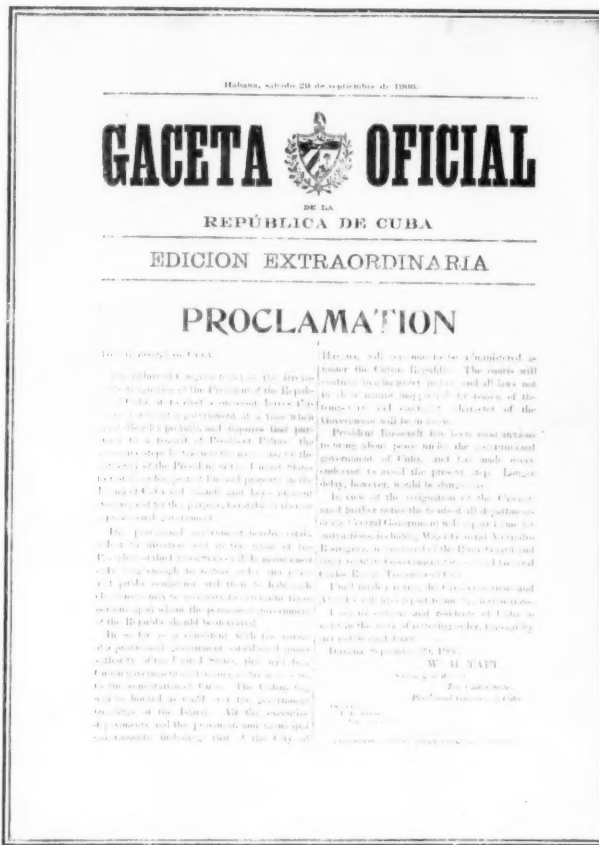
While it lasted they had a very good time. Each of the men in the ranks, nine-tenths of whom were negroes, stole all the food he wanted and a horse, and occasionally took a shot at a Rural Guard, not from a position near enough to hit the Rural Guard, or to be hit by him, but as a sign of his contempt. And the generals, as soon as peace was declared, pinned stars on themselves, draped gorgeous silk kerchiefs over their shoulders, and galloped into Havana, halting only to order a field-uniform before taking up their permanent headquarters at the cafés. There they have their reward. There everybody embraces them, and everybody treats the dare-devils to their favorite stimulant of sugar cones dipped in chocolate ice cream. These are the men who wish to control the destiny of Cuba. One of them told the correspondents that the Liberals had been undecided whether they should rid themselves of Palma "by the Brazilian or the Serbian method." When the Americans expressed their bewilderment, he explained that the "Brazilian method" was removal by force to a ship, the Serbian, assassination. He had previously informed me that the Liberals had never thought of assassination. But five minutes later, thinking to impress men who were new to Cuba, he boasted of this horrible plan to murder. Assassination! For a well-meaning old man like Palma! Were they not so idiotic they would be tragic.

Another patriot statesman, Mendez Capote, Vice-President, is quoted by the "Herald" correspondent as saying to him: "Other nations have navies besides the United States. If you press us too far, we will dynamite German warehouses or English banks, and then there will be here a British squadron and a German one also, and the United States will have to fight them." The astuteness of observation, the profundity in this remark, the grasp it shows of international relationships and usage makes the recent removal of Señor Capote from office a loss not only to Cuba but to the world. Such are the men who for four years have tried to govern Cuba. Once I was a Cuban patriot, too. First, twenty years ago, I knew the Cubans as friends and acquaintances at cafés and clubs, and I much admired them. Then I saw them in the field dying for their independence, and I admired them much more.

But under this last test, when they were asked to govern their own country and themselves, to be honest in administration, to obey their own laws, they showed themselves incapable, incompetent, and, what is worse, to all these facts indifferent.

We are to give them another chance. It is well they should understand now that after this there will be no more chances.

For Cuba this is the last call for dinner in the dining-car.



SECRETARY TAFT'S PROCLAMATION TO THE CUBAN PEOPLE

instead of wanting to fight, wanted to surrender to any one wearing the United States uniform.

Later, when they had increased in number, they got out of hand, and the chance was lost. But Sleeper had blundered in upon the psychological moment, and had the President, instead of virtuously withdrawing the marines, leaped upon Sleeper's "mistake" and turned it to his own advantage, Palma would still be in power, and we would not have assisted in a revolution against him.

But post-mortems as to what might have been or should not have been are of little consequence in the light of the fact that the end must be the same. No matter who is elected, a "general" of the opposite or even of the successful party will take to the brush against him, again there will be civil war, and the next time we will annex Cuba.

The stupidity and the lack of patriotism of the Cubans will force the island upon us. If we do take it, we will be called hypocrites; we can not persuade Europe that with Cuba a free and orderly republic we were better off. The foreign press still calls Taft and Bacon "greedy annexationists" and "land-grabbers"; and as one reads this it is interesting to remember them at work here, striving for peace, with no afterthought than to bring quiet to Cuba, to save her crops,



GEN. FUNSTON AND MAJOR LADD AT HAVANA

"The advance guard of the Army of Pacification came in groups of young men in civilian 'whites,' tan shoes, and straw hats"

THE DREAMER

He fights the Dragon in the Smoke-stack Grove and wins the Love-Lady by thoroughly unfairylike Methods

By LEE ANDERSON

DIRECTLY opposite the Dreamer's desk in the fifth floor office of the "Evening Times" were two windows. And between the windows was a door from which a staircase ran to the floor below. A more practical and sordid outlook could not be imagined. Through the windows one saw a forest of brick and iron smoke-stacks, telegraph poles, and ugly ventilation shafts. All day long the chimneys belched bituminous smoke, so that the gravel roofs were black; and the air was so gaseous that not even the city sparrows would perch on the sagging wires which ran from pole to pole. Through the haze of soot the sun never shone brightly, and the sky always looked, from the Dreamer's desk, as though a storm were about to burst. And the doorway between the windows was just as grimy and ugly. From seven o'clock in the morning until six in the evening busy reporters, slovenly office boys, and greasy pressmen tramped through it. The stairs were always creaking, the doors were always slamming, and from the floor below came the many sounds of the composing-room.

But to the Dreamer none of this was apparent. Time and again, as he sat at his typewriter, laboriously grinding out copy for the Finance Page, he would look up at those windows and that door and sit for whole minutes with his eyes half-closed and a rapt smile lurking in the corners of his mouth. To him that maze of chimneys and poles was a shady grove, and the banging door was the entrance to a quiet old country-house. As he settled in his chair and chewed his pipe-stem reminiscently, he never saw the hurrying reporters nor heard the click of the typewriters and linotype machines. To him the clouds of black smoke were green leaves, and the many sounds were the tinkling of a little fountain somewhere in the smoke-stack forest.

When there was no market Crash to be written up or no Corner to be reported—when he had lots of time—the Dreamer would put his feet on the desk and gaze into the depths of the Valley of Contentment for hours at a time. Of course, such hours of happiness were rare, for the Chief was usually giving orders or some fool boy was yelling for Copy just when the dream was sweetest. But when no one disturbed him there was one strangely white telegraph pole that would beckon

and talk with the Dreamer and make his heart ache to live with her in the peaceful grove. That was the Love-Lady. Arm in arm she and the Dreamer would often walk along the shaded dream-paths and go at last through the weather-beaten door—and he would wake, cramped and practical, sitting at his desk with pages and pages of copy to be gotten out.

At other times he could see the Dragon walking with the Love-Lady, and then he would hide behind a big brick oak tree and motion to her to come when she could. The Dreamer could never see just why the Love-Lady should walk with the Dragon, but he never reproached her, for the Dragon was her father; and the Dreamer was only her husband. And, of course, the Dragon didn't know that. If he had known, the Valley of Contentment would have been barred to the Dreamer forever.

So day after day the Love-Lady was wooed by her Dreamer husband through the smoke-stack grove, and always the Dreamer leaped the hedge just as the Dragon came out of the door—or just as the Chief asked what Coppers were doing.

To the Chief the Dreamer was an enigma. He never could understand how a chap so level-headed, and practical enough to do the Street work, could sit about and moon the way the Dreamer did. And he was so likely to be mooning just when the Chief wanted Copy. If he had loafed like the rest of the Staff, the Chief would not have minded. But to just dream and dream; it was provoking, to say the least. Several times the Chief had started to speak to the Dreamer about it, but he never got any farther than: "Now, I say, this is no time to—" when up would spring the culprit with a "Yes, sir. Have it all done in a jiff." What could a Chief say to that? A Cub who can't work or a Vet who won't work may be called, but a Star who does work and who dreams at the same time is a paradox that must be endured.

And the Dreamer was a Star of the First Magnitude—a Star that everybody in the "Times" office wondered at. No one on the Staff knew where he had learned the Street work. He just walked into the "Times" one day and asked the Chief for something to do.

"Ever done reporting?" that dignitary growled.

"No," the Dreamer replied, "but I've had experience in the Street. Give me a trial."

Now it happened that one of the Finance Men was ill at the time, so the Chief said:

"Know the Street, eh? Well, report to me to-morrow—seven sharp—and I'll give you a chance."

The Dreamer reported, and from that day the Street was his regular Beat. In three months he was doing the work alone, and better than two men had done it before. The Chief gave him a desk, dubbed him "Financial Editor," and wondered who the deuce he was.

But that the Dreamer never told. When he came to the "Times" he called himself Peter G. instead of P. Glover, and nobody suspected his identity. And the Dreamer didn't want them to. He was trying to live down that old name. For five years after leaving college he had struggled along under the weight of that P. Glover. His fortune had taken unto itself wings, and his friends had gone back on him. Now he was fairly started as plain Peter, and he didn't intend to let any fancifully named ghost of the old life rise up to bar his way to success.

Only in one way did he keep in touch with the life that was P. Glover's before Peter G. came to the "Times" office. That was through the Valley of Contentment. When he first discovered the resemblance between the "Times" door and the forest of smoke-stacks,



Arm in arm she and the Dreamer would often walk along the shaded dream-paths

and the old country-house with its quiet grove, he almost decided to give up his desk. Then one day he found that the white telegraph pole resembled the Love-Lady if he half closed his eyes and forgot the clatter, so he stayed and became the Dreamer.

Once again he went to the Valley of Contentment with the Pal. Between the writing of Market Reports, he met and walked through the grove with the Love-Lady. He told her of his love; she kissed him, and thereafter he dwelt in the phantom grove and was reasonably happy.

But, as before, the Dragon opposed their love—his and the Love-Lady's. The Dragon had no personal feeling against the Dreamer, but he wouldn't have his daughter married to any Young Fool who had more money than brains, and who couldn't support a mouse by his own endeavors. When the Dreamer had shown his mettle he might marry the Love-Lady, and not before. In vain they pleaded, and in vain the Love-Lady wept—there would be no wedding with the Dragon's consent, until the Dreamer had done something. With the Dragon's consent! How they pondered that phrase! And in the end they did just as they had done before—married without the Dragon's consent.

The Dreamer lived that sweet secret all over again. Day after day he struggled with the Market both as a "Times" reporter and as a Young Speculator, and during his leisure time he climbed over the dream-hedge into the dream-grove and walked with the Love-Lady. Then one day came the same old Crash—a dream-crash this time. P. Glover went broke and the Mad Tide of the Street washed him up on the shore of the Valley of Contentment. He entered the quiet old house and asked for the Dragon. But the Dragon had heard, and he merely sent down word that the Dreamer was never to trespass on his property again.

Sadly the Shorn Lamb left the house. Out in the garden he met the Love-Lady and told her all that had happened. Then with the enthusiasm of youth and love, he asked her to go with him.

"But how can we live, dear?" she asked. As it was with P. Glover, so it was with the Dreamer. He was hurt and startled by her answer—so startled that he jumped to his feet to find the whole Staff staring at him. That day he dreamed no more; and the Chief marveled at the rapidity with which the Finance came in.

But the next day, when he should have been writing the story of how the Bears had shorn another rich Lamb, the Dreamer found himself staring again into the smoke-stack grove. And there stood the Love-Lady, just where he had left her, asking:

"But how can we live, dear?"

"I'll work," the Dreamer replied, "work as I never have before."

Then the Love-Lady laughed. It was a loving little laugh, but a careless one, and it cut the Dreamer deeply. He made some angry retort and they quarreled—they who had never before spoken a harsh word to each other. In anger the Dreamer stalked out of the gate, and the Valley of Contentment knew P. Glover no more, and a week later Peter G. joined the "Times" force.

For months after that day's dream the Financial Editor tried to devise a happy ending for the romance of the smoke-stack grove, the phantom Dreamer, and the telegraph-pole Love-Lady. But always their story ended with the quarrel in the garden, and always the



He would be having tea with the Love-Lady

Financial Editor awoke and made his typewriter hum as he viciously pounded out Market Reports. Yet he could not get away from his dreams. Every time he looked up from his desk those two windows and the grimy door came into view, and just so surely as he looked into the forest of chimneys and poles he began to dream.

A score of times he lived the story all over again, hoping against hope that it might end differently. Then he began inventing little scenes between himself and the Love-Lady, and for hours he would wander in that grove of his dreams and forget that newspapers want Workers, not Dreamers.

One time it would be afternoon, and he would be having tea with the Love-Lady beside the little fountain which tinkled so much like a typewriter. They would hold hands and say foolish, loving things about the amount of sugar they liked in their tea. And maybe the Dragon, peaceful and tamed now, would sit with them and talk in a bless-you-my-children way. Or the Pal might drop in and congratulate them again, though he had done it a thousand times before. And altogether they were quite happy and the grove was surely the Valley of Contentment.

Another time it would be evening at the quiet house. Just inside the tall French windows the Dragon would be reading his book. Outside, the Love-Lady and the Dreamer would be sitting in a big, low wicker chair. Away off among the trees the little birds would twitter

as they settled down for the night, and the two Lovers in the chair, like the birds, would snuggle together and pretend to sleep. But whenever or however they met, the Love-Lady and the Dreamer were always happy in the fantom grove among the chimneys.

Then one day something happened in the Street. A mere Pretender tried to make himself Corn King. His Crowd bought bushels and bushels of Corn and the Hungry Public seemed to be in a pretty tight Corner. But some one turned traitor. The Crash came, and when the excitement was over, the Pretender lay crushed and penniless.

All that morning the Dreamer had been on the Street. Not a detail of the fight had escaped him, and about noon he started for the "Times" to write it all up in the most approved, sensational style. His hat was gone, his coat was torn, and his eyes were hollow and red. Every bone in his body ached as though he had been pounded with a club. It seemed that he could never climb those awful stairs, but the story had to be written and he staggered on. When he reached his desk, he dropped into his chair like a wooden thing. The noise seemed to drive every thought from his head, but the News Fever was upon him, and he stretched out his arm for copy paper. Like a man in a trance he pounded the keys of his typewriter. One page—two—five—ten he wrote, and as fast as they came from his machine, the Chief grabbed them up and hurried them off to the composing-room. At last it was all done, and

the Dreamer sank back in his chair, his head drooping and his eyes shut.

He was going home now—going home to the Love-Lady in the Valley of Contentment. In that far-off land of dreams, he wandered along the country drive, leaped over the hedge, and stood by the big oak tree behind which he had been wont to hide from the Dragon. The little fountain tinkled softly—but devilishly like a typewriter—the birds were singing and everything was soft and balmy. It seemed so good to be home and away from the dirt and clatter of that "Times" office. But where was the Love-Lady? Vaguely he heard steps in the doorway. She was coming to meet him. No, there were two—it must be the Dragon with her. The Dreamer stirred in his chair, then settled down again; but the Staff rose to its feet and gaped.

Through the grimy door between the windows had come a Vision that brought even the Chief to his feet, and behind her walked an Old Man in a frock coat. She looked questioningly about the office and saw the Dreamer. With a soft cry she started for him, the Old Man close behind her. The Dreamer looked up blankly and smiled. They were coming to meet him now and he was glad, for he was so tired.

"Pete—Pete," the Vision cried, and the Old Man said: "P. Glover, I think you had better come home."

The Dreamer jumped to his feet and rubbed his eyes. But the Love-Lady, with her arms outstretched, was still there.

THE OTHER AMERICANS

By ARTHUR RUHL

This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the human side of our South American neighbors. The purpose of these papers is to make these people seem more real—to tell what they are like, what are their various points of view. This article deals especially with Venezuela's capital. The next, which will cover the journey from Venezuela to Lima, will give impressions of the Colombians, of the Panama Canal Zone, and of the Peruvian Coast towns

IN a novel written by a lady of Buenos Ayres and enjoying considerable popularity at the present moment in the Argentine, the heroine's father, during a visit to Rome, obtains an audience with the Pope. He is a Norwegian explorer, and when the conversation turns to the subject of his family he explains that his wife is an "American."

"Ah, yes!" smiles the Holy Father, "Brazil—Mexico—Chile?"

"No, your Holiness, from the Argentine Republic." This—to us—ingenious use of a word which here at home is considered the exclusive property of those living between Maine and California, Canada and the

Gulf, is common throughout South America. Our Minister at Lima, for instance, or La Paz or Santiago, is spoken of not as the "American minister," but as "el Ministro Norte-Americano." A Chilean to whom one is being presented for the first time, sympathizing with one's struggles with his native tongue, asks: "Inglés ó Norte-Americano?" Although he was occasionally called Chancellor and Premier, and now and then "el estadista Yanki"—an adjective used as we would use French or German and implying all respect—this same distinction of latitude was carefully made even for "el Ministro Norte-Americano," the Hon. Elihu Root. The artless hilarity with which the average American receives the first intimation of this difference in point of view is very typical of our attitude toward our neighbors on the south.

It has been our pleasure to ignore the Other Americans—to know nothing, really, of what they or their cities are like, or their ambitions and problems. I ran across a friend on the street a day or two after I returned. "You found there was a place down there, did you? That's good. I know it's on the map all right, but I never could believe it was real." People have assumed that there was such a place—vaguely comic and bizarre, inseparably attached, somehow, to the words "fevers and revolutions." Now and again it appears in our fiction. It is a sort of misfortune for the South American below the Caribbean—when one recalls how many of our ideas of

actual life are borrowed from the play life of our favorite books—that almost the only American story-tellers who have written seriously of South America are authors of such vigor and charm as Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mr. O. Henry.

Argentina is not at all like Venezuela, yet those who have not been there must perforce interpret it in terms of "The Dictator" and "Soldiers of Fortune." And true as "Cabbages and Kings" is to the palms and sunshine of the Caribbean, it has little more relation to life in Buenos Ayres than Remington's cowboys have with Boston or Chicago. While to peruse one of those yarns, humorously illustrated, and

the Liliputians, had but to roar "Americano" to make presidents resign and sentries drop their guns. This sort of thing makes one a little weary read in Chile, for instance, where Americans are not always idolized and a gentleman already mentioned to whom one is being introduced may become excessively bored when he hears that one is a North-American and may even lift his shoulders deprecatingly as much as to say: "Oh, what a pity! How unfortunate for you!" It is embarrassing again, in the Argentine, for instance, after you have carefully explained to your host that the United States has no imperial designs on South America whatever, to have him—who like enough can

talk intelligently of our immigration or negro problem or tariff or trusts in any one of several languages—toss across the table one of our barber-shop papers with a cartoon depicting Uncle Sam as a gigantic paterfamilias spanning a lot of little brown babies, or the Monroe Doctrine as a hen sitting on a batch of South American eggs, while the Yankee rooster crows alongside: "They're mine!" It often seemed to me while meeting the courtesy of our South American neighbors, and observing the almost touching faith which the majority of them have in the United States, that nowhere more than in our attitude toward them do we show that crude ignorance and general bumpishness which we generally assume is to be found only in the book of some absurd traveler or the caricatures of the British stage.

If the line which your eye takes looking down the hill from Fifth Avenue toward Madison Square were continued far enough straight south, it would hit South America near the west coast of Peru. Practically all of the continent would be east of that line—from there to Cape St. Roque is as far as from New York to San Francisco; from Cartagena in the Caribbean to Punta Arenas in Patagonia is as far as from Key West to the North Pole. There are nearly half a million more square miles within those extremes than in all of North America—and people ask "What kind of weather do they have down there?" On the Fourth of July in

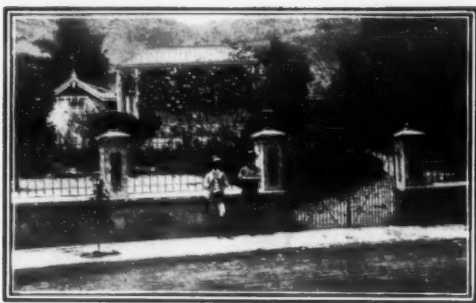


CARACAS, THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA, LOOKING ACROSS THE VALLEY FROM ONE OF THE PARKS

Twenty miles behind the mountains in the background, and three thousand feet lower down, is La Guayra, the capital's port, and the Caribbean. Although within ten degrees of the equator, the capital, tucked away up here in the air, has a climate of a perpetual tropical spring

inserted from time to time in the polite magazines by way of paprika relief, one might suppose that all Latin-America was a sort of comic-opera land where gigantic young "Anglo-Saxons" with blond hair and red faces, stalking through narrow streets like Gulliver among

the Dreamer sank back in his chair, his head drooping and his eyes shut.



A TYPICAL FLOWER-COVERED HOME IN CARACAS

Bolivia. I saw a new railroad opened in a whirling snowstorm, and two mornings afterward the thermometer on the hotel porch stood within four degrees of zero; a month later in Rio, in more or less the same latitude, one wilted in a muggy heat as oppressive as any we have in the dog-days here in New York. No more can one generalize about the people or their countries. In Bahia, on the Brazilian coast, probably not more than one man out of ten is white; in Peruvian towns, in a corresponding latitude on the west coast, a negro is less seldom seen than in Boston. There is as much difference between the lazy lotus Caribbean coast and Terra del Fuego as between Mandalay and the Straits of Kamchatka.

Why There Are Revolutions

ONE generalization, however, can be made. It is the fundamental difference between the ways in which the two continents were, so to speak, born and bred. Speaking in generalities, North America was settled by men who came to the new world seeking liberty; South America was exploited by adventurers hunting for gold. Our colonists cleared land, planted fields, and established homes; when the time came to separate from the old country they had a stable society, an adequate political system spontaneously developed, and a familiarity with self-government that had been preparing from the time of Magna Charta. The Spanish and Portuguese who sacked South America, following out the traditions of the parasitic Peninsular civilization, entered the new lands only to rob them. The civilization of the Incas, was destroyed, and this industrious, skilled people—adapted to their environment, capable of attaining a level we only can guess at once acquainted with the civilization of Europe—annihilated. All that they had done perished with them, and the new owners of the land had to begin at the beginning. When Bolivar and San Martin followed the lead of Washington and Latin America threw off the yoke of Spain, its people had had no training in self-government, nor even in useful industry, and their ideal was still the antique and romantic one of the intrepid warrior and successful conqueror. This was the seed. The harvest has been reaped all these years in the revolutions which a sit-tight commercial people such as we find it so hard to understand. A continent can not be plowed and resown like a cornfield. Education, immigration, the gradual infusion of saner ideas and more stable blood—it is a long discouraging task that the earnest Latin Americans of to-day are wrestling with, one in which they ought to have at the least our appreciation and sympathy.

There they are, these different, almost forgotten cities, down below the southern horizon, under their different stars. The main stream of modern life, strident and relentless, flows far away—you think of it down there as of something left behind, over the shoulder of the big earth, as it were, as you think of the North Star and the Dipper. Echoes of it come each morning in the newspapers—vague cables from Europe and the States, letters and *feuilletons* from Paris or Madrid; the name of one's banker takes one back to New York or London, the locomotive roaring into the station is a detached bit of Germany or of home. But the grip of the big world's life is not felt, its restless, relentless intellectuality, its worship of strength. People feel rather than think—wear the clothes, employ the caterers, read the poetry and shout "*Bis! Bis!*" over the operas of the great world without bothering themselves with its problems. Everything at hand has the charm of the diminutive and make-believe; that in the distance, of unreality. They may read of trusts, socialism, industrial upheavals, with the same detached interest that we to-day may read Carlyle on the Revolution or the "Confessions" of Rousseau. Side by side are the new and the old, jostling each other and blending in a way they never have even in our land of contrasts—the old older than our oldest, the newest more raw and cruder than our new. Over the antique civilization, still drowsing on under the blazing tropic sun, buried away in the thin cold air of the Andes, the skirmishers of the new are everywhere pushing—engineers, promoters, prospectors, drummers from Hamburg and Leeds and Manchester, the Yankee medicine

The Other Americans

(Continued from page 21)



PLAYING BASEBALL LIKE THE BOYS AT HOME



VENEZUELAN SCHOOLBOYS AT THE BASEBALL GROUND



PRESIDENT CASTRO'S VILLA IN THE "PARAISO"



ENTRANCE TO AN ESTATE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CARACAS



AVENUE LEADING FROM THE "PARAISO" TO TOWN

man. Under the wilting sunshine of Brazil the pink pills of our New England landscape reappear in lazy Portuguese as the *Pilulas Rosadas para Pessoas Pallidas*; down the west coast, on walls against which Pizarro's knights may have leaned their lances, is lifted the hopeful finger of our benevolent Dr. Munyon. Through windows barred just as they were barred in the days when the splendid viceroys used to come out from Spain comes the busy clatter of the American sewing machine; in mining camps buried away in the Cordilleras the llama drivers, huddled in ponchos about their tiny fires, listen to Caruso sobbing out "I Pagliacci," as the phonograph through the wine-shop's open door quavers out into the cold moonlight. . . .

Caracas and the Venezuelans

CARACAS is one of the few Latin-American capitals which seems at first to live up to the traditions of the Caribbean and the stories we print in our magazines. From the moment one consults steamship agents about going to Venezuela, one has a delightful feeling of being somehow a conspirator and of becoming enmeshed in a vague intrigue in which strange and picturesque things are about to happen. Before the steamship man will even sell you a ticket you must get a passport and have the Venezuelan Consul countersign it and look you over and satisfy himself that you are not a filibuster. All the way down through the Caribbean, with the flying-fish sailing away from the ship's bows and the northern stars sinking under the horizon and the breath of the trades growing more limpid and moist, and the yellow seaweed floating in the blue Sargasso Sea, mystery and dark innuendo seem to exude from the very deck of the little steamship.

Such tales as the irreverent young purser and the mysterious doctor tell, *sotto voce*, cynical, of graft, plots, and prisons! The mere gringo feels like a cub reporter at the office of a campaign committee. Even the captain, who has sailed up and down this path for thirty years and seen it all, occasionally drops a sentence, at which smiles show, shoulders lift, and the two dark conspirators at the foot of one's table look up quickly and rattle off half a dozen phrases in Spanish. All day they sit in the smoking-room and conspire, hovering over their half-emptied glasses, with cigarettes made of black tobacco smoldering in their long, lean, smoke-stained fingers, whispering by the hour. The gossip of the smoking-room, from drummers, coffee and tobacco planters, prospectors, and engineers: "Forty million dollars—that's what Castro's made out of it. Sure—he can't last much longer—he's got about all he wants. He'll be beatin' it for Paris pretty soon where the rest of 'em all went. . . . Money? Is there! Talk about the Klondike or the Transvaal or—why you can go up the Orinoco in a five-thousand-ton steamer and there's your iron right on the surface—all you got to do is shovel it off the bank—cocoa, copra—rubber. . . . Ah—she *was* a beauty. That's no lie. He saw her an'—well—you know the rest. They give her thirty thousand bolivars, and the best house they could find in Caracas, and on his birthday. . . . Courts? Hell—no! That's where you *don't* go! You'd only lose an' have to pay the judges, too. It's cheaper to give 'em their bit beforehand and get it settled right. Lawyers? Sure we keep a lawyer, but only to tell us what their bally laws are so we don't make trouble for ourselves. . . . Look at that flour-mill at La Guayra—wouldn't it make you laugh? They can't make flour at a profit in Venezuela when they've got to import all their wheat from New Orleans. The Government'll just put up that mill to jolly the poor people—they won't have to pay duty on flour because the Government monopolies don't have to pay import duties, and then they'll import flour from New York at four twenty-five a barrel, an' sell it to the people *as* coming from the flour-mill at the old price. Talk about graft—gee! These fellows 'ud make Philadelphia look like amateurs. . . . All you got to do is to run out into the Plaza, wave your little flag an' yell '*Viva la revolucion!*' Follow you? Sure—why not! If they don't fight with you the Government'll make 'em fight for it and won't pay 'em either. With

(Continued on page 24)

CLAIMS

Regal Shoes are started through the making processes according to this one unchanging plan:—to build the best shoes the Regal factory can produce—not the "best for the money" but the best regardless of cost.—*And this Fall there's a Specifications tag sent out with every pair to prove it.*

Regal Shoes stand hard wear by reason of this one fact:—if there is a *bes* of any sort of shoe material the Regal has it—this Fall, as always. If other manufacturers can say the same why doesn't even one of them offer to *prove* it?

Regal Shoes have Oak-Bark-tanned soles, insoles, heel-stiffenings and toe boxes—never the cheap, brittle hemlock. They are stitched with genuine silk and linen—never with cotton thread. They are better in every detail than most of the six-dollar shoes.—There's the Specifications tag to prove it to you.

Regal Shoes are the product of workmanship in keeping with the top-grade materials that go into their making. They are lasted and finished by hand, exactly like made-to-order shoes—and they *show* it. Everything you can't see and judge for yourself is listed on the Specifications tag—to prove it *before* you buy!

If you do not live near one of the 123 Regal stores, order through the Regal Mail Order Department.

Latest issue of the Regal Style Book Free on Request.

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Store, Cor Van Ness
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**\$3.50
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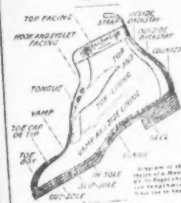
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STYLE 16 RS1
—As illustrated,
made of Patent
Leather,
cut, military heel.
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except Black King Calf.
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WE GUARANTEE THAT THE MATERIALS USED IN THIS PAIR OF REGAL SHOES ARE EXACTLY AS THOSE IN THE LIST OF SPECIFICATIONS GIVEN BELOW, AND ARE OF THE FINEST QUALITY WHICH CAN BE PRODUCED.

Regal Shoe Company, Inc.



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Regal
Specifications
Tag

There's one
Sent out
with
Every Pair of
REGALS

PROOF

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The Regina Corona may be described as a music box de luxe. It is the best music box the world has ever produced, dressed up in a form which makes it an attractive addition to a finely appointed music room or drawing room.

The Regina idea in a music box—that is, the idea of music furnished by a steel disc—has made the Regina Music Box the most widely known and the best liked of any automatic music maker. It is the only music box of which you have heard. It is the only one which gives continued and lasting satisfaction, because



it is the only one fit to be classed musical with the best musical instruments, and mechanical with the best machines.

This same Regina idea has been installed in a case which is a model of the cabinet maker's art—a thing beautiful enough in itself to be added to the furniture of any country house or city mansion, but it is something more than mere case, for the heart and soul of this piece of musical furniture is the Regina Music Box which plays any one of thousands of selections accurately and musically.

It will make not only a splendid holiday gift, but also a good present at any time, as a piece of furniture for the home for all who love music.

THE REGINA CO.

RAHWAY, N. J.

Makers of Regina Player Pianos, Regina Chime Clocks and Reginaphones

New York Salesrooms: B'way & 17th St. Chicago, Ill.: 259 Wabash Ave.

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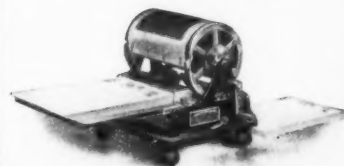
Are you losing valuable time and allowing opportunities for profit to slip by because you are loaded with detail—because your correspondence clerk is writing individual letters when a form would do—because you can not keep your agents advised of the new things constantly coming up—because you are doing things in the same old retail way when you ought to adopt modern methods?

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Do business in a wholesale way—write to A. B. Dick Company, 161-163 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., or 47 Nassau Street, New York, for a booklet telling how your letter, circular, price list or blank form, can be written on an ordinary typewriter on prepared wax paper, which becomes a stencil from which hundreds of duplicates can be printed in a few minutes in your own office by the aid of the new

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MANY men—the majority, in fact—dress well; that is, ordinarily, moderately well; but men who are particular about every detail of style, of quality and of workmanship, are still few enough to be noticed with favor. Be guided by the Kuppenheimer label and be this kind of man.

There is a merchant in your city who has Kuppenheimer Clothes and advertises them. He will supply you with any style you desire.

A book of authentic styles for men will be sent upon request.

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NO MATTER HOW FAR OR HOW FAST YOU GO OR HOW SEVERE THE ROADS MAY BE PENNSYLVANIA CLINCHER TIRES

WILL PROVE THEMSELVES DEPENDABLE IN EVERY EMERGENCY. THEY NEVER BLOW OUT OR RIM-OUT, AND ARE UNIMPAIRED BY ANY SAVE DOWNRIGHT DESTRUCTIVE ACCIDENTS. THEY CAN STAND ANY USAGE THE AUTOMOBILE CAN STAND.

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39,427 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail hundreds of persons who pass these examinations and receive appointments to life positions at \$240 to \$1200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing dates, places for holding examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission, **Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.**

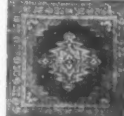
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Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Each side can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfied.



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free. **ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 687-B Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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**CAPITAL & SURPLUS
TWO MILLION DOLLARS**

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Depositors in all parts of the country including many conservative business men are finding it practical as well as advantageous to

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Send for free booklet "E" telling how easy it is to deposit money here, wherever you live.

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You Can Afford Electric Light With

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With the HYLO Electric Bulbs you can have a high or low light, as you wish, saving 5-6 to 8-9 of the electricity when turned low. HYLO can be put into any fixture by any person without any tools, the same as an ordinary electric bulb, and one HYLO will burn three times as long as common bulbs. HYLO gives you the luxury of modulated electric light with certain economy in expense. If your electrician will not sell you HYLO on "money back" plan write

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H. & R. Greatest Revolver value for the money

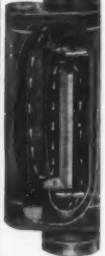
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Saves from 10% to 40%



Use the "Fuel Protector" on your stove or furnace. Guaranteed to save from 10 to 40 per cent or money back. Gets more heat and even heat because it consumes all gases. Keeps fire longer—no frequent rekindling. Prevents stove pipe from getting red hot. It is not a radiator but a fuel protector. Easily attached and needs no attention.
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FUEL PROTECTOR COMPANY
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A Furnace Regulator

which automatically controls the drafts, maintains a uniform temperature and is as easily connected as an electric bell.

FOR

any type of heater, STEAM, HOT WATER, OR HOT AIR.
Saves coal, health, time, and money. It costs only

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Sent on 30 Days' Free Trial. Liberal terms to agents. Write for circular.

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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

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CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING and all skin troubles. "A little richer in price, perhaps than others, but a reason for it." Be careful after shaving and after bath. Use it everywhere, especially on neck and face. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free.

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This compass is the size of a watch, full nickel case with heavy crystal. It accurately indicates north, east, south, west, or any degree thereof. Useful on land and water, prevents you from losing your way. Everybody should have one, especially boys. Sent postpaid to introduce our big 164 page catalogue. No. 367 of guns, athletic goods, games and novelties, on receipt of 10 cents coin or stamps.

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THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 22)

you they're sure of a chance of loot and plenty of excitement and fun—sure. Just go out to-morrow morning and wave your little flag." . . . "How many more years of school?" the captain asked one night of the little lad who was returning to Caracas for vacation. He was a pretty little fellow with a Conservative family name. The present government is Liberal. "Five years," said the boy. "Five years school," rumbled the skipper, screwing his eyes up in one of his satyr-like smiles: "Five years *politico*, then—fifteen years in prison at La Guayra—no?" And everybody nodded and the schoolboy snapped his black eyes, and his uncle, sitting beside him, about to lick his cigarette, stopped and licked his lips instead and smiled, too, though in a subtler, sadder way. He had a right to. He had been in the La Guayra prison once, chained by the leg to another man. And he wasn't at all sure that after landing on the morning he wouldn't be invited to call on the prefect and clapped into jail again.

When, after a week or so of this, the stern brown rampart of the Venezuelan coast looms through the morning mist, climbing up and up eight or nine thousand feet from the fringe of surf at its foot, with a theatre-curtain yellow and terracotta town nicked into the baked hillside, and a little toy fort bristling overhead, one feels that whatever happens one is presently to be "done" and done interestingly. The limpid sea wind dies down, the hot breath from the town puffs out across the water. While you study the yellow gashes in the mountain's tawny flank—cuts the railroad makes in climbing away up over the summit to the capital, a launch flying a strange flag comes off from shore. Your papers are inspected, you are inspected, then you bake in the vertical sun while the scouts go ashore to telephone about you up to Caracas, and see if you may be allowed to land. You feel exactly like a spy or an absconding bank president—almost as though you were an alien approaching the harbor of New York. If they don't like your name or the color of your hair, so the irreverent purser draws, out of the corner of his mouth, back to the States or to jail you go. That was what had happened to one of our passengers the last time he had come down—nineteen days in prison because he had been seen talking with an ex-revolutionist on the wharf in Brooklyn. Landed at last, the porter sharks fed with all the money left in his clothes, each passenger must sign his name on a sheet of paper before the little train starts for Caracas. Up it climbs, zigzagging across the parched flank of the mountain, till the miasmic air of the fever port has given way to the cooler breath of the upper levels and the misty blue floor of the Caribbean stretches out miles below, and the donkey trains, gray with trail dust, creep past. Another pause—are we held up? No, worse luck—



THE PLAZA DE BOLIVAR, WHERE THE BAND PLAYS

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only the autograph collector again. And then—after days of tropic seas, after passing the sentries and the fever-belted shore and dizzily creeping over the mountain tops, instead of finding a jungle with aborigines living in mud huts and eating jerked beef, you roll down into a frivolous little capital, with a pretty tiled plaza and monuments and beautiful trees; where, of a morning, over the coffee of which they are so proud, one may read along with the cable despatches snatches of Montmartre poetry and gossip from the boulevards, in the cool of the afternoon play tennis with engaging young men who talk across the net in one's own language as casually as in French or their own, and in the evening stroll perhaps with the crowd round the statue of Bolivar with little hooded victorias twinkling past like fire-flies, and the band playing things out of "Tosca" and "La Bohème." It seems almost as if the little city had had it all arranged to make her charm more sure, hidden behind these seas and mountains and passports in a sort of Spanish coquetry.

Caracas has nearly a hundred thousand people—counting whites, *mestizos*, negroes, and the rest, and it lies in a beautiful valley three thousand feet up in the air. This makes its climate delightful in winter and in summer, oppressive only for those who are able to go north to the States or abroad. It is built of thick stone or plaster walls, with tile roofs and sky-blue courts, filled with flowers and vines. Some of the streets are paved with asphalt, the others with cobblestones, and there are tramways and electric lights, and the whole is spread on the floor of a valley with mountains rising up mightily all round, eight or nine thousand feet. There is nothing prettier in all South America than the sight of it—looking across the valley from some shaded balcony in the Paraiso, toward sunset, with the summits green and soft with timber, the flanks bare and gauntly ribbed, and in the dry season, at least, colored curious rusty browns, and below the terra-cotta roofs and yellow walls of the town. The clouds hang round the summits, and when the rains begin they almost always have a shawl of mist thrown across their shoulders, and now and then it comes drifting down into the very streets of the town, standing out as compact and white against the brown background as so much whipped-egg froth. Toward sunset time, the level blaze sweeps straight down the valley, throwing the ribbed, wrinkled flanks into high lights and black shadows, like canvas rocks in the glare of a limelight. The summer was just beginning when I was in Caracas, and each afternoon before the sun had swung round to the west there was a shower of the quick, warm tropical rain. The narrow streets would be rivers in a minute, the mountains would disappear, then presently the air would dry, the sky resume its limpid blue, and down the length of the valley and across the dripping city would blaze the searchlight sun. The mountains turned to plush, the barren rusty flanks softened into browns and greens so velvety that the mere color seemed to have a texture, and here and there all over it shone little silver lines—sudden cascades pouring down the rocks, warm and steamy, miles and miles away.

A Distinguished Gringo once came to Caracas by way of Honduras and Central America. He had cut his way through swamps, been bitten by mosquitoes and fleas, and suffered from fever, and when he saw the plaza and the people and the band playing under the electric lamps at night, he called Caracas the Paris of South America. To me, after seeing Lima and Santiago and Buenos Ayres and Rio, Caracas seemed scarcely more the Paris of South America than Pasadena or Colorado Springs are Parises of the States, but it was easy enough to understand the Distinguished Gringo's point of view. The lamps of Paris light its plaza; its

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Two-Horn

DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY TO YOUR OWN HOME

DUPLEX

Phonograph
On Trial

Double Volume of Sound

HERE is the explanation of the Duplex principle. When you hit a tin pan with a stick, which side of the tin pan gives forth the noise? Why, both sides, of course. If you collect the waves from one side of the vibrating pan, you get only *half* the noise. That's plain, isn't it? Well, the same thing holds true of the diaphragm of a phonograph. In every talking machine made heretofore, one-half of the sound waves were *wasted*. You got just one-half the sound that the diaphragm made—the rest was lost. The Duplex is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get *all* the sound from *both* sides of the diaphragm. Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has *two* vibrating diaphragms and *two* horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from *both* sides of *both* diaphragms. The Duplex, therefore, gives you *all* the music produced—with any other you lose one-half. Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of *any* other—no matter what its price—and hear for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is not all, by any means. For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces *more music*—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means. By using *two* diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense *entirely* with *all* springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull *roughens* the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the *squeaking, squawking, harsh, metallic* sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph. In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an *exact reproduction* of the original sound. As a special guarantee against the presence of harshness resulting from vibration, the points of contact between the horns and reproducer are protected by rubber—an exclusive feature of the Duplex Phonograph.

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and full particulars of the Duplex Phonograph, and details of our direct-from-factory selling plan.

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With every Duplex we give six 7-inch or three 10-inch records free.



Size of cabinet, 18 inches by 14 by 10 inches high

Each horn is 30 inches long with a 17 inch bell

—An—
Entirely New Principle in Phonographs

—Two vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound.

—Two horns to amplify and multiply all the sound from *both* sides of *both* diaphragms.

—No tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant, mechanical sounds.

Consequently, the Duplex produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

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\$29.85

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LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER
SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

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H. & R. Greatest
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Always ready. Especially effective in grease or oil. Indispensable for autos, garages and motor boats. Literature and sample for effective demonstration sent free. Agents wanted. Address

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THE PETTYJOHN COMPANY
640 N. Sixth Street Terre Haute, Ind.



THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 24)

little victorias rattle through the narrow streets; the newsboys call out their papers with long rippling accented cries that seem an echo of the boulevards; on the benches of the plaza, shabby, cynical verse-makers scribble decadent rimes and drowse in the sun. It goes through the motions in many little superficial ways, and it regards these motions with quite as much seriousness as though they were the real thing. They read in the little morning papers about the new statue of De Musset beside the Théâtre Français or a couple of columns of impressionistic description of the art of Mlle. Cleo de Merode—"Our Lady of the Smile and Dance"—with as personal an interest as though the first stood in one of their own squares—alongside their statue of Washington—and as though the lady could be seen at the municipal theatre each night instead of the biograph. And it is with the conviction and self-absorption of the true boulevardier that they write about the thunder of traffic in their quiet little streets, the magnificence of their pretty little villas, and describe the carriage parade in the Paraiso as though that little macadam street were Hyde Park or the Champs-Élysées.

The Plaza de Bolivar is the centre of the town and of Venezuela, and in the centre of the plaza stands the equestrian statue of the Liberator, who, after freeing all this part of the continent from Spain, was imprisoned by his own people and died broken-hearted, in exile, with the words: "I have plowed in the sea." Round the square are the Government buildings, the library, and sleepy old university, and a cathedral whose bell whangs out every quarter-hour and leaves no doubt in the mind of every stranger who tries to sleep in the hotel near by that Venezuela is still dominated by the Church. Across the end of the square tinkle the little toy street-cars, and now and then a hooded victoria slips through, the top drawn like a vizor over the inside, so that all you can see is the tip of a chin or bit of white parasol. It is not pleasant for ladies to appear on the streets unless they are extremely plain. At the cathedral corner, under a big tree is the news-stand. There are several newspapers and periodicals and some little humorous sheets full of crude little drawings. None of the newspapers has exactly free speech, and some of them are, as it were, rented from time to time by politicians who want to push their campaign. "The Constitutional" speaks directly for the Government, and is the only one which has the air of real stability and dignity.

Newspapers of the Venezuelan Capital

Some of the most characteristic traits of the Venezuelans—their mixture of frivolousness and sentimental melancholy, their impressionability, their fondness, common to Latin Americans and particularly those of the warmer latitudes, for high-flown and flowery description—come out in these newspapers. Almost always there are some *sensations du voyage* from some traveler journeying a few miles from home, discussions of some fine academic point in literature or speech, "communications" in which some fond scribbler endeavors to imprison in classic prose some aspect of his native town. A charity bazaar, for instance, to be held at one of the more pretentious villas; it is a nice house, the lady is nice too, the prospect thrills our gifted friend Rodriguez, and he seizes his pen and addresses "El Constitucional." He begins at the beginning, thus: "It was a gracious afternoon, one of those on which the spirit opens itself to all the varied and harmonious accents of the language of beauty—in the atmosphere wandered vague aromas, indefinite beauties beckoned from the horizon, and the day wrapped itself in the seductive melancholy of its last adieu." . . . Follows, after a few paragraphs, specific details—municipal improvements along the Paraiso, the new automobiles, the sight of children playing *basseball*; then the lyre is struck again: "The day declined; the afternoon loses its pensive attitude of the enamored virgin—no longer is there light on the hills nor vague glimmers on the mountain tops. Far-away sighs seem to come to the ear, airy messengers of chaste amours; the shades deepen, innumerable diamonds begin to sparkle in the sky." . . . Thus we are brought to the house, which is deftly described even to its dimensions in metres, then to the interior constructed "with a visible eloquence, that *quid divinum* which gives voice to forms, expression to lines, life to details, joy to art, and grandeur to the whole." Desirable this is, but finer yet "that spiritual culture, that kindness of heart, that firmness and character and elevation of soul possessed by the villa's mistress, of whom it might truly be said that she passes between the flowers of her garden without touching them with the hem of her garments." And so on for two newspaper columns signed with the contributor's name. Happy bourne for the "littery"! Far from our Park Row, where the impassioned "communication" is tossed in the waste-basket, and the copy-reader's shears and blue pencil commit continuous murder!

That Latin-American Perennial—the Lottery

If you stop to listen in the plaza, at almost any moment of the day, you can hear somewhere in the distance shrill boyish voices crying out numbers in Spanish—"Dos mill—quecientos—cincuenta,"—long drawn out, melodious, like a phrase of a song. They are the lottery-ticket sellers, perennials of the street in almost all Latin-American towns. In Caracas, when I was there, a new national lottery concession had just been granted to a Frenchman. It was "for the good of the people," and advertisements represented it as a horn of plenty showering money down into the hands of the delighted populace while an army of beaming winners marched toward a rising sun with money-bags upon their backs. There were drawings twice a week, and up until the last minute news-vendors and beggars and little barefoot boys were tramping the sun-baked sidewalks all over town with strips of these tickets to sell. There were sixteen coupons for each number, and one could buy them separately for ten cents each or the whole number for four *bolivars*. If that number won a prize the winner received one-sixteenth of it for every one of the coupons he held. The company's percentage was three and a third. The numbers which experience had proved were lucky were bought up by speculators, at whose shops certain favorite tickets could always be found. You could even have the lucky number reserved for you for the next drawing just as you would go to Tyson's and have a seat reserved on the aisle. Some six thousand tickets could be sold, and as half-past two, the hour for the drawing, approached, and there were still hundreds of them out, the boys would hurry into the plaza, waving their strips and shouting the last call. It was just *siesta* time, when the plaza lay quiet and almost deserted, baking in the midday glare, and from my room I could hear them patter in by their bare feet and wailing, like locusts in the sun—"La ool-ti-ma o-ra! Para ay! Número saysme!-dos cientos-ochenta-y-neuve! La ool-ti-ma o-ra!" The Spanish tongue was made for such cries; one really got almost excited and the little raffle under the trees in the market became a hazard of dignity.

There were city officials to watch it and the *concessionaire* on the outskirts of the crowd twirling his mustache and looking as though the Bank of England were in the balance. In a big hollow globe were wooden balls like hazel-nuts bearing the ticket numbers, in a smaller globe the balls bearing the prize numbers and the blanks. The globes were revolved, stopped, a ball abstracted from each through a sort of spigot by incorruptible little boys. The prize numbers were chalked up on a blackboard, the old negro women and the languid *mestizos* watched apathetically, and when the last ball had dropped out as apathetically shuffled away.

When the cool of the day comes and the sun is going down, the shutters are drawn back from the front windows, and Mamma and the *niñas*, dressed up and made very beautiful, sit watching the street with their faces close to the bars. If one knows them very well indeed, one may call, being careful to pay all one's attention to Mamma, while Maria or Elvira sits across the room, fingering her bracelet or the lace on her sleeve, and dropping her great dark eyes and blushing if one but so much as looks her way. Or one may stand on the sidewalk, and while folks brush by on the narrow flagging—young dandies, perfumed, and whisking their little bamboo canes, negro women in pink or sky-blue, the powder

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Londonderry Lithia Water will carry you through an arduous social season and over many of the difficulties that too often assail the home entertainer.

A pad of "Londonderry" bridge whist score sheets will be mailed free to any address upon request.

Londonderry Lithia Water is served at all first-class hotels and clubs, and is sold by druggists, grocers and wine merchants. The Sparkling comes in quarts, pints and splits; the Still in half-gallon bottles.

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in a little book that costs nothing. The book describes the Northwest, the land of the future. It is printed on the best of paper, is interesting, profusely illustrated and full of information. It is suitable for your own home, for schools or libraries. It describes the wonderful Yellowstone Park, the wild Bitterroot mountains in Montana, the Quenit Indians—almost unknown—on the North Pacific Coast, the grand Columbia river country, the marvelous Puget Sound region, and Alaska. It costs but the postage required to mail it. It will be sent to any address for six cents. The book is "WONDERLAND 1906" published by the Northern Pacific Railway, and is for general distribution. Send six cents to A. M. Cleland, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minnesota, or as many times six cents as you wish copies, with proper addresses, and the little volume will be promptly forwarded by that gentleman. Don't wait! The book has an object—to educate and inform the public about the Northwest, the region that Lewis and Clark explored and made known to us. Help it perform its mission.

What Practical Test will you have to Prove that the

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is the Car you want?

30 H-P \$1800 4 Cyl.

THIS is the way we sell Mitchell cars—Go into any Mitchell agency and tell the man what your ideal is. Everybody has one when he starts to buy a car. Is there some particularly vicious hill you have in mind that a car at twice the price has balked on? All right—we'll go out and "show you" how The Mitchell will "beat it up."

Or perhaps there's a particularly bad strip of sand that you'd like to have your car go through on the high.

Get right in and we'll go out and "show you."

Or maybe you'd like to go 40 or 45 miles an hour for a while.

Perfectly agreeable—the car will do it easy, and we can stand it as long as you can.

Want to know about durability and up-keep cost?

Here's a list of users. Call them up on the phone or write them (enclosing stamp). We'll go by their statements and we haven't nor won't attempt to influence them in any way.

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Member American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association, N. Y.
Will exhibit only at Seventh Annual Automobile Show, Grand Central Palace, New York, December 1 to 8

How Many Trips to the Laundry?

Corliss Coon Collars, 2 for 25c

The Rounded Corners give the open front fold-collar the appearance of an entirely New Style

and provide more tie space.

Kenwer is a close fitting, stylish collar and may be worn in perfect taste with bow or four-in-hand.

Ask your furnisher for Corliss Coon Collars—mark them when they go to the laundry—see how many trips they make before breaking.

Corliss Coon Collars wear longer because they are forced as relieved as needed where the strain comes.

If your furnisher does not willingly supply you, we will send direct from our factory, on receipt of the price, 2 for 25c.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. T., Troy, N. Y.

KENWER, 2 IN.

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It is said was due to the work as special counsel for the nation matters.

Better Pay Better Future

Better Work Better Hours

The Mere Money Value of an Education

The average educated man earns \$1,000 per year. He works forty years, making a total of \$40,000 in a lifetime. The average day laborer gets \$1.50 per day, 300 days in the year or \$450 per year. He earns \$18,000 in a lifetime. The difference between \$40,000 and \$18,000 is \$22,000. This is the minimum value of an education in mere dollars and cents. The increased self respect you gain cannot be measured in money.

No man will purposely choose a poorly-paid, under position to one where he can earn a good living salary and command respect and authority. The reason that so many continue to toil away day after day at poorly-paid, disagreeable work is because they haven't enough education to do more important work. There was a time when it meant a great sacrifice to secure an education, when the man who had had no chance to get an education in his youth was handicapped for the rest of his life.

The American School of Correspondence, Chicago, Ill., has changed all this. Any ambitious man, no matter how little schooling he has had, can start now and fit himself for any position that he is ambitious to fill. Time, cost and location are no barriers. The American School allows you to suit your studies to your convenience; and you pay for your instruction according to your circumstances.

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Just send us your dealer's name, tell us if he handles the Carbo Magnetic Razor, and we will send you our booklet entitled "Hints on Shaving," and make you a proposition whereby you can test this razor.

The booklet is very valuable to self-shavers; it illustrates the correct razor position for every part of the face and tells you all about real shaving comfort.

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Hollow Ground as illustrated \$2.50

Double Concave for extra heavy beards \$3.00

Set of two in Leather Case \$5.50

Carbo Magnetic Strop, \$1.00
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Large 154-page illustrated catalogue, full of valuable information with net wholesale and retail prices, mailed 12 cents (stamp).

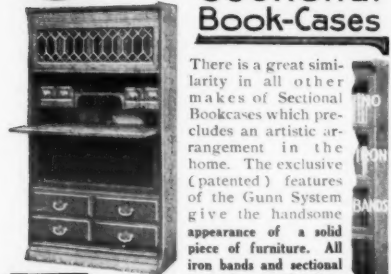
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Visitors welcome at farm, correspondence invited. First send for our beautifully printed and illustrated Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 324 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

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34 St. Paul St. - Rochester, N. Y.



THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 26)

lying on their dusky cheeks like flour, water-carriers, beggars—and talk politely through the bars. There is always a chance, this way, that Elvira or Maria, in the most casual way imaginable, may let her fingers slip through the bars—though, to be sure, just a chance, for Mamma's rocking-chair is close by and it is too much to hope that she is asleep, even though she sits with eyes half closed, a little like an owl. But if you are but a strayed gringo you may only tramp glumly past, almost brushing their elbows, staring—for that is considered only properly gallant and polite—as frankly as though they were pictures or pretty flowers. They all seem lovely then. You forget to wonder whether they could think or waltz or bake bread, whether, were they at home, they would not be leaning on a pillow in a Harlem flat window watching the "L" trains go by—forget the funny little "tidies" and the "airbrush" portraits, and the funnel of the phonograph dimly visible behind them, and with the brilliant tropic moonlight turning the shabby old walls to marble and the tinkle of falling water coming from some inner court, every man of us perforce blossoms into a Romeo, and half seen, inaccessible, behind each barred window a Juliet.

The Ladies

But what is Maria like—suppose you could drop in just as if you were at home, sit down in the window seat and talk to her? Just for the present I intend to evade this delicate and extremely interesting subject, though as we stroll on down the street I trust there will be no harm in pausing at the big-tree news-stand a moment and reading what some wicked, cynical, scribbler-person says in that droll little "La Compana." There is a drawing of a young man and a young lady under the title "Gente Elegante," and this is what he says: "You may call her Elena or Julia or Maria—it's all the same. In all haunts of the fashionable you'll find her—San Bernardino, El Paraiso, etc., are the theatres of her operations. She doesn't know how many eyes a needle has, but she can tell you the exact color of the skirts which la bella Otero puts on when she dances. She doesn't know the Credo, but she never misses church, prayer-book in hand like the Queen Regent. If you should ask her on what day our independence was declared she wouldn't know what to reply, but on the other hand she remembers perfectly when the Princess Chimay ran away with a violin for baggage."

This way of shutting Julia or Elena up like a doll for the men to promenade past her cage rolling their roving eyes, seems strange to us, but here again let us postpone discussion, for the present, of a custom of hundreds of years, though in passing we might glance over this certainly extraordinary letter addressed to the newspaper "El Combate." At the head of it are big initials which we will call

X. Y. Z.

"These are the initials of the name of a young man who has made me the victim of his immoral and stupid persecution."

"He is a phantom which follows me everywhere, and wearies me with his gross attentions."

"To free myself from this troublesome insect I wrote to his father to interfere, and liberate me from such a pretentious fellow."

"To no avail."

"Then I went to the Prefect of this city with a formal representation, signed and ratified by myself. It was equally useless."

"The Quixote of my window redoubled his attentions, and last Saturday I had the misfortune to meet him in going from the Plaza Lopez to Las Animas, and to endure the artillery of his glances."

"I am resolved as the result of all this, if he passes my window again, to publish the letter which I sent to his father, and a copy of the accusation which reposes with the Prefect of Caracas."

"And you may be sure, X. Y. Z., that your name will be printed and your description given in a way that you will not forget all your life."

A. B. C."

So the men may not always stare successfully, and little Maria thinks a bit for herself these days! A little time and will the New Woman have come also to Caracas?

On Sunday evenings the band plays in the plaza—at other times in the week, too, here and over in the Paraiso, but Sunday evening is the best. Then every one is dressed up and feeling chipper, the little hooded victorias go rattling and twinkling by livelier than ever, and this cheerful national institution of our southern neighbors performs before its most engaging audience. The statue of Bolivar stands in the centre of the plaza, in an open-tiled place where the tiled paths come together and cross. At the opposite end of the broadest of these promenades, on a sort of dais reached by a flight of curved stone steps, the band plays, and up and down in front of it, past Bolivar's statue and back again, the crowd strolls and chatters and smokes cigarettes. That is to say, the young gentlemen back from school in England or Switzerland or the States, dressed for the evening, on their way to dinner, perhaps, at one of the legations, regarding the scene with a certain detachment and condescension; the young town dandies, with their bamboo sticks and absurdly long slim yellow shoes, that might be used as a curious weapon of offense; a few Yankee drummers, slapping each other on the back with conscious hilarity and talking, half in fun, in their horrible Spanish; a German or two, concessionaires, perhaps, of some great rubber plantation in the interior, tall, huge, blond, and comfortable, stalking side by side, heavy walking sticks under their arms, talking art, philosophy, and rates of exchange; these, and the substratum of mestizos, in their shabby white, staring apathetically. And on either side, just at the edge of the light and back under the trees, are the families, Papa and Mamma and the young ladies, all in a row in their best dresses and ribbons and gloves. Charming are the little *niñas*, with their hands in stiff little white gloves or "mitts" laid primly on their laps, and their great shy velvety eyes turning slowly this way and that, without any more sign of recognition than though those wicked men-creatures promenading by were so many pictures of animals in books. There was something about them, their dressed-up hats and their shy little gloved hands lying stiffly parallel, that was exactly like the *jeunes filles* which French artists paint, just such little girls as our own Shinn or Glackens might put into a picture of a park.

Life in the Toy Metropolis

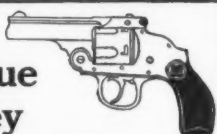
They will tell you that Caracas is not what she used to be in the old days before the price of coffee went down, before the canny Mr. Castro had taxed sugar and things as they are taxed now. Everybody was rich then, one must believe, and the fountains weren't dried up nor the Carvallos gone to seed—when Madame Carreno was playing and Rojas and Michaelena painting, and the cable, now cut out, brought real news. Every one will be rich again, one must also believe, when the Government is better and foreign folks with money aren't afraid to invest it, and all those Eldorados in the interior are opened up. Venezuela was the only one of the Latin-American Republics which wouldn't play and send a delegate to the Rio Conference, and, as I am writing, people in Caracas are expecting any day to see the present dictator deposed. Yet I dare say that life moves on in the little capital—and would move on no matter what happened—just the same way. The tunes from "Tosca" and "Il Trovatore" thrill just as much whether or not there's a delegate at Rio, the señoritas' eyes are as bright and the mountains as beautiful.

It is a perfect place to play with life, cloistered away, so near to the real world, and yet so far. The real world's manners are here, but none of its problems. All things are reduced to a scale so small that big general things become individual and personal. People who have money have made it easily, those who haven't it expect none. There is no striving, strenuous middle-class. There are plenty of poets, but they do not hear the world's rumble and noise; they sit on a park bench, write verses for albums or devise epigrams withering their rivals and enemies.

H. & R. Greatest Revolver value for the money

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it exactly like the above illustration, with an extra pair of striped worsted Trousers, and an extra fancy vest, to wear on occasion. Practically two full suits for the price of one suit.

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Solid Oak, Brass trimmed, highly finished Cabinet and 35 of the finest grade standard carpenter's tools.

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are heavy polished brass, deeply engraved by hand by expert sign makers, and filled with raven black cement. We make signs over free if

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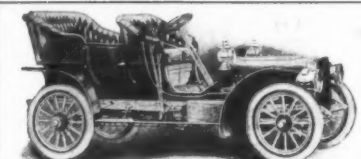


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This \$2000 Auto Free

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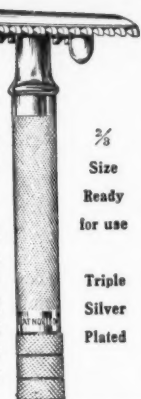
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soap and brush—and in 2 to 5 minutes the hardest beard can be smoothly shaved from the tenderest skin, with greater comfort than you have ever experienced from your pet razor or your favorite barber.

Yet the cost is less than 2 cents a week for a perfect shave every day in the year. Think of the money and time the Gillette Razor saves its ONE MILLION satisfied users.



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Gillette double-edged wafer blades are so hard and keen that each blade gives an average of more than 20 perfect shaves. When dulled, throw away as a used pen. A new blade inserted in a second. Extra blades cost 50c. for ten.
PRICES: Triple silver-plated holder and 12 tested blades (24 keen edges) in handsome leather case, \$5. Standard combination set with triple silver-plated soap and brush holders, \$7.50. Other sets in gold and silver. Extra blades, 10 for 50c.
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Order Your Fall Suit From the Wholesale Maker

SEND for samples today and get started now in dealing direct with the wholesale tailor. It's a big advantage, you can hardly realize what a substantial saving you make and what clothes satisfaction it means to you. Just now we are making a specialty of a black, fine, pure, all wool flannel suit, at only \$10.00 single and double breasted style without doubt the greatest value ever offered, materials and workmanship guaranteed absolutely. You can't tell it from \$20 and \$30 suits, the cloth is so fine and it's tailored so perfectly; Venetian silk finished lining all the way through. \$10 is all we ask for it, and when we send it, mind, you are to be the judge, not we. Also a big line of higher and lower priced fabrics for suits and overcoats. Perfect fitting striped and plain worsted and cassimere trousers at \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50. Samples, measurement blank, Fall 1906 fashion plate and tape line, all sent at our expense. We will fill orders direct from every town where not already represented by local dealer. **AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.**

DRIVE IN COMFORT
A Storm Proof Buggy
that keeps you as dry and almost as warm as indoors and is turned into the perfect open top conveyance for fine days. One buggy for all weather. Lightest storm proof buggy made, the only one that works perfectly. Convenient, comfortable, honestly built. Write for catalogue P.
Fouts & Hunter Carriage Mfg. Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

WICK'S ADJUSTABLE FANCY HAT BANDS
(The Band with Hooks—all rights reserved)
Made in over 500 fancy color combinations for Schools, Universities, Colleges, Clubs, etc. They're sold separate from the hat; are adjustable and will fit any hat. You don't have to buy the hat you don't want to get the band you do want. Can be worn over the regular hat band. On and off in a twinkling. They make your old hat look new.
25 AND 50 CENTS
1 1/2 in., 25 cts.; 1 1/2 in. and 2 in., 50 cts.
If your Hatter, Closer or Haberdasher can't supply you, remit price to
WICK NARROW FABRIC CO.
Dept. C, Philadelphia

THE ELECTION OF THE UNDERFEED FURNACE

YOU certainly want an administration of household economy. If you vote an Underfeed Furnace into your basement you elect to have a steady supply of clean, pure, economical heat. The Congressional tidal wave of political interest sweeping the country will subside, but from Maine to the Golden West an ever-increasing current of Underfeed testimony proclaims that the

Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace Saves 1-2 to 2-3 on Coal Bills

It is a modern furnace that shows to greatest advantage when the tests are severe. Unlike the Old-fashioned Overfeed, the Underfeed is fed coal from below. All the fire is on top—turning smoke and gases, tested in other furnaces, into heat. Cheapest coal yields as much heat as highest grade anthracite. Figure out the difference in cost. It is yours, Dr. A. N. Witham, of Westbrook, Maine, writes:

"The Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace is more than satisfactory. I heated 13 rooms last Winter with your largest size furnace at a cost of \$42, and we had CLEAN, PURE, STEADY heat all Winter. I believe it is the most physiological system of heat yet devised for PURE AIR AND HEAT in our cold climate. I am glad to recommend it to my friends."

The illustration shows furnace without casing, cut out to show how coal is forced up under fire. Our Underfeed booklet illustrates and describes it fully. Let us send it to you, with facsimile letters from many satisfied users. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—FREE. Write to-day, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

The Peck-Williamson Co., 328 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.
Dealers, Write To-day for Our Attractive Proposition.

A GOLDEN CHRISTMAS Or A GOLDEN NEW YEAR

The oranges are ripening on the trees all about the great tropical gardens that surround

THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL

Scarlet hibiscus, glorious poinsettias, roses and lilies are there. Curious, delightful shrubs from Japan; arbor-vitae runs riot, and—all the wonders of a tropic Garden of Eden.

Even in modern Florida there is nothing else so luxurious and delightful as THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL, your castle in Spain—with every modern device for comfort. The hotel overlooks the beautiful Tampa Bay. The fishing and boating are ideal. There is hunting, motoring, tennis, cycling, golf and driving. The only foreign city in this country is but a short drive away—Ybor City, the home of the Cuban cigar makers. Spend Christmas and the Holidays at THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL. Open continuously from November 12th to the end of the Florida season. Special Low Rate for December and January.

Splendid schedules and train service from the North and Northwest via Atlantic Coast Line, Southern Railway, Seaboard Air Line Railway and their connections. For booklets and further information, address

DAVID LAUBER, MANAGER, TAMPA, FLA.
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This "1900" Washer \$5.50

Send No Money But Pay Me By the Week Out of what It Saves

You needn't send me a cent of money. I'll ship my washer to any responsible party on their request without their sending me a penny of cash. By saving you a washerwoman's wages—or, if you do your own washing, by saving your time—or, in either case, by saving your wear and tear on your clothes, my washer will save its own cost many times over. Thus it pays for itself. And you can pay me for the washer by sending me, each week for a few weeks, part of what it saves for you until the washer is paid for. I'm only too glad to trust any responsible party. And as this washer works by natural motive power—helped by its own weight—you have to help it only a very little. It almost works of itself.

I guarantee my 1900 Home Washer for 4 years and you can pay me by the week, or month (suit yourself)—out of what it saves for you. On the weekly payment plan, I ask just a little more than the cash price. Just your name and address on a post card or in a letter will bring you my Big Illustrated Washer Book—the finest ever printed. It is FREE. I send it postpaid by return mail on receipt of your request. It shows washers costing all the way from \$12.75 (freight prepaid) for my new improved Gravity-working washer down to my "1900 Home Washer" at \$5.50 (F. O. B. Binghamton). They are all fine washers. Order any one you want and pay for it on my "Pay-as-It-Saves-For-You" Plan. \$5.50 is less than is asked by any other concern, of known standing, for any kind of a washing machine. And—at that—other machines are only imitations of mine. I sell more washers than all other concerns put together. And why should you pay good money for an imitation washer when you can get the genuine—my "1900 Home"—for less money. Remember, you send no money. I gladly trust you. Address R. F. Bieher, Manager

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Everything here to make you glad and return you to your home rested, refreshed and rejuvenated.

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Hand-woven Indian Basket 25c
Hand woven by Indians in Mexico from strong palm fibre. Uniquely colored, durable, useful, ornamental. 3 inches high; true for details, sewing room, etc. Warranted genuine. Retail for \$1.00, but for a limited time we will send, prepaid, for 25 cents (2 for 44 cents, different designs).

Hand-made Silver Swastika Pin 25c
Hand wrought from pure coin silver in design of the Swastika Cross, the New-Join Indian's symbol of good fortune. Genuine, artistic, popular. **Special Sale Prices as follows:** 3 1/2 in. Stick Pin, 25c; 3 in. Charm, plain, 25c; 3 1/2 in. Brooch Pin, 40c; Rings, any size, 35c; Fine Fob of 4 1/2 in. Crosses, \$2.00; Swastika Bracelet with one cross, \$1.00; with three crosses, \$1.50. Our new 50-page art catalogue of Mexican Drawings, Indian Rugs, Pottery, Baskets, etc., Free with orders; also four cents in stamps.

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"Largest Retailers Genuine Indian and Mexican Handicrafts in the World."

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PRICES CUT IN HALF.
To introduce Mandolin outfits, \$2.25 up; Guitar outfits, \$2.50 up; Violin outfits, \$2.25 up. Best values ever offered. Self Instructor and Lettered Fingerboard FREE with each instrument. Our large text-book No. 62 illustrating every known musical instrument sent FREE if you state instrument desired.

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LET ME DO YOUR COOKING

Why worry, watch and fret over a hot stove when you can put your meat, vegetables, custards—in short, the whole meal for the whole family—into my ample shelves and cook it, as food never was or can be cooked in any other way, over One Burner of stove, range, gas, gasoline or oil stove? I come in both round and square shapes—both kinds have whistles. I cut the cost of fuel and work in half. I hold 12 one-quart cans in cooking fruit. Write right now for **Free Book 48 pages.** It tells you all about me.

TOLEDO COOKER CO.
Desk 8, Toledo, Ohio
County and State Agents Wanted—Salary and Commission

Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream

Makes Winning Faces



It cleanses better than soap, neutralizes all impurities, builds the tissue, dispelling withered dryness; makes the skin soft, smooth and free from wrinkles; keeps face and hands youthful. Best for Babies' delicate skin and for men who shave. Guaranteed to contain no grease, bleach or chemicals; will not aid the growth of hair. Substitutes disappointment; buy only Hinds'; at all dealers, 50c.; or if not obtainable, sent postpaid by us. Write for Free Sample Bottle and Booklet.

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Plush Pillow Top GIVEN AWAY

Size 17x17 inches; made of beautiful Real Plush, in your choice of Old Gold, Tan, or Light Green Color, and plainly stamped with your choice of Foot Ball Boy or Indian Girl design so that anyone can burn it into the hands of new customers. Interested who send us 25 cts. to pay cost of stamping, shipping, etc. This top burned \$1.50. We make this offer together with our big new



SPECIAL Our No. 97 \$2.50 Outfit, only **\$1.60**

This splendid outfit, shown above, is complete for burning on plush, wool, leather, etc. Includes fine Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-action Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two pieces Stamped Practice Wood and full directions, all in neat leatherette box. Ask your dealer, or we will send C. O. D. When cash accompanies order for No. 97 outfit we include free our 64-page Pelican Instruction Handbook (price 25c), the most complete pyrography book published.

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"Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World."

THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 28)

They hear that their country is being ruined, and they write about the eyes of their women and compare their mouths to strawberries and ripe pomegranates. When the President defies France they look up at the brown mountains and say: "We could hold out ten years up there," just as the sleepy creole in the park at La Guayra looks up at the little fort on the hill and says: "Surely, señor! With that we could blow the French out of the water!"

Superimposed on this quaint world is the tinier world of the sophisticated—the legations, the chosen, who have traveled and been educated abroad, the exiles of commerce—a toy world more or less typical of every South American city. Within it people "dress" for dinner, read the latest magazines, and live superficially just as they would at home. It is fun playing at life with people like these—always interesting because they would never have come here if they did not have one of two things—an unconventional history or an imagination. They drift along placidly, with the gentle raillery of those who enjoy the differences of the new country, yet continue to pass judgments according to the standards of the old. In their pretty villas and courts they are like people living in conservatories. Strange lost sheep blow in now and then—tourists, concession hunters, adventurers, correspondents—they take them as they come. There is the feeling that one can always go back if one wants to, the real world seems like the city during a summer vacation. Its absence gives each echo of it a new significance and charm. Every "dress suit" and evening gown acquires a sort of romantic significance. A lady driving along the Paraiso in a hired carriage is as much of a personage as a lady in a crested victoria driving up Fifth Avenue or through the Park. You drop into "La India" after the band concert for a cup of Caracas chocolate, with the same emotions that you might take supper after the theatre at Sherry's or The Savoy. It is always before one, changing things and charming them—that great battlement of mountain shutting out the northern stars, and beyond that the fever-filled coast, and beyond that the days and days of limpid trades and blue Sargasso Sea.

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Trade with us. You know we are the first institution to blame the way and originate the far reaching plan of shipping goods any place in the United States, giving a most practical and liberal credit that allows of your using the goods while paying a little now and then. As for money saving, it is a conceded fact that our tremendous output gives us control of many big factories and enables our pricing substantial high-grade house furnishings which include Furniture, Stoves, Carpets, Rugs, Sewing and Washing Machines, Crockery, Silverware, etc., lower than any other concern on earth.

Our STOVE CATALOGUE No. 53 tells all about every kind of Stoves and Ranges—it's free. Write for it now. **Send U. 75c** we will ship this elegant rocker, solid oak throughout, the roll front seat and curved shaped back are quarter sawed oak or mahogany finish, genuine mahogany veneer seat and back, massive profusely carved frame, 10 spindles, large claw feet, exactly like illustration. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price **\$4.95** Pay 75c. Cash, 50c. Monthly for the asking. Remember it is the only catalogue published showing the exact reproduction of goods direct from the articles. It also includes re-reductions of carpets and rugs in colors.

SEND A POSTAL NOW—IT'S FREE
STRAUS & SCHRAM, 1053 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

EVERY MAN OR WOMAN CAN MAKE \$5

All we ask of you is to call the attention of your Husbands, Fathers, Brothers, Sons and Relatives to this advertisement and ask them to write us for free samples.

For this service you will receive a \$5 present with every suit ordered, if your name is mentioned when writing for samples.

Men who write for our samples, not having had their attention called to this ad. by some one else, are entitled to this \$5 present with their order.

With free samples of our \$10 we will send illustrations of hundreds of useful and valuable articles from which to select the \$5 presents. These include gentlemen's fine furnishing goods, ladies' silk waists, tailor-made skirts, fur scarfs, decorated dinner sets, opera glasses, suit cases, fine musical instruments, etc.

Presents will be shipped with suits.

Our Hand Tailored \$10 Suits are by far the best value ever shown and are equal to suits made by your local tailor at \$20, having all the style and wearing qualities of a \$25 suit.

It is safe to order from us for we guarantee to fill your order exactly, or all your money promptly returned. Write us today; by return mail you receive free samples and full description of presents, etc.

The Gents' Complete Outfitting Co.
Dept. D 15 242-244 Market St., Chicago

On Working for Yourself

By SEWELL FORD

THE thing happened several years ago, but I can still see him sitting there in that chair beside my desk, twisting his hat brim with trembling fingers, his forehead beaded with sweat, neck veins bulged, the look of a frightened animal in his eyes. And I can hear his husky whisper: "Please, please hunt for it. It must be here. Why, do you know, if I don't find it to-day I shall—lose—my—job."

It was merely that a document had gone astray and an overfed, dyspepsia-goaded, arrogant employer had, in a moment of petulance, issued this decree which had struck terror to the very soul of what appeared to be a man.

Faugh! It was too absurd, too grotesque to be real, yet too real to laugh at. Yes, he still holds his job; or, rather, his job holds him.

How is it with you? do you hold your job or does your job hold you? That word "job," does it make you wince? You like "position" better? Some consider it more genteel, but the dictionary does not sanction such a use of the word. Perhaps you prefer to speak of regular employment as a "situation," another usage on which the word book frowns. Yet coachmen, butlers, and cooks use it quite generally. No? "Place," then. It's no more ungrammatical than the others. You object to "place"? Then we must fall back upon the colloquialism. It has the merits of brevity and preciseness. Besides, why mince matters? In this day of combined interests there are few employers and many employed. Let us call it your job. And once more; do you hold it, or does it hold you?

"No man is free who has a job which he is afraid to lose." Probably you never heard of the man who said that; perhaps you never will. But, honestly now, don't you agree with him? Don't you wish that was your attitude toward your job? Is it a staff in your hand or a crutch under your arm? Or are you like the abject one in the chair, clutching your job with the desperation of a sinking sailor grabbing a floating spar? Has your job become a fetish, to which you have sacrificed your manhood? Has the splendid mystery we call life resolved itself for you into a mere sordid struggle to hold your job?

Then, my friend, you are in a pitiable way. Your philosophy needs mending. You are bond, not free. The method of your existence demands reform. You should stop working for your job and work for yourself. But, you say, you have a family, wife, children, dependents. The more urgent need, then, of freedom. Do you wish them to share your bondage?

Shall you throw away this precious job? No. Keep it. Use it. Make a club of it. Conquer with it. How much of your time, now, does this monster require? Eight hours? Ten? Then make it accept twelve, fourteen. Master its every difficulty. Explore its remotest recesses. Equip yourself with every resource which it may need. Exploit its possibilities. Make it a game. See how much better you can do to day than which you did yesterday. Begin now. Keep on. Aim at nothing less than perfection. You'll not reach it, but no matter. Create an ideal and strive for it. Watch your progress. You will find it more fascinating than any game ever invented.

But work for yourself. Don't do your best to please some boss or foreman or superintendent or president. That's a hiring trick. Do your best because you can not afford to do less, because you owe it to your self-respect. Merit your own esteem. Dig for it. Do your own fault-finding with your work. You know it best. You can see the flaws quicker than any one else. Don't hide them. Talk about them, if you must talk about your work. Let others discover the merits, if they exist. Shut your ears to praise. Why should you be pleased that your work finds favor in the eyes of others? Who are you working for anyway, the other fellow or yourself?

Stick to that point of view. That way freedom lies, for no man who works for himself is a dependent. Make your employer dependent upon you. That will put you beyond the reach of dyspeptic caprice. Men who are afraid of their jobs are plenty, men who idealize their work are mighty scarce, and all the arrogance in the world can not change the man who works for himself into a trembling, cringing wretch, such as that fellow in the chair.

A WATERSON PEN



Gold filled pen point—Handsomely finished hard rubber throughout. Same type of feed as best \$3.00 fountain pens. Will last for years. **Warranted satisfactory in every way or money refunded.** Complete with directions and filler. Send 2-cent stamps or money order.

WATERSON FOUNTAIN PEN CO., 210 Ontario Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO

WHEN WINTER COMES

prepare for the Season's pleasures. Remove the effects of Summer Sun and Autumn Winds. Insure for yourself a clear, fresh, healthy complexion that will be immune from redness, roughness and chaps caused by the icy blasts of winter. Do this by using

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

It is antiseptic and healing and possesses a delicate, flowery perfume peculiarly its own. Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10c. for sample.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 24, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

THE Humphrey Oval GAS STOVE

\$2.50 PREPAID



This dome lifts off, leaving a perfect cooking stove. is guaranteed to be the most economical gas heating stove made, and the only one that forces the heat out along the floor where most needed. Made of copper plated, die-pressed steel, all heavily nickled.

10 Days Trial

Order a stove today. If for any reason you are dissatisfied with your purchase, return it at our expense and get your money back. Catalogs free. Write today.

HUMPHREY CO., Dept. C H, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Don't be a Book-keeper

The ordinary book-keeper earns small pay and has a poor chance of doing better. Expert accountants earn from two to five times as much as the ordinary book-keeper and work much shorter hours. Be your own boss. We will teach you expert accounting and auditing at your home and in your spare moments at the trifling cost of a dime a day. References to the best men in your own town. Established 16 years. Write for particulars.

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55 Fort Street West, Detroit, Michigan

I Pay \$25 for the rare half dollars of 1853, \$40 for the Stellas of 1879, \$300 for the 1880, \$50 for the gold dollars of 1875 and \$50 for the three dollars 1875, \$25 for dimes 1894 m. m. S. \$1 to \$250 each for the Territorial coins 1849 to 1861, and from \$1 to \$200 for thousands of other rare coins, stamps and paper money. Send a stamp for an illustrated circular. It may lead to wealth and independence. Address the most reliable coin dealer. 16 years of the present location. **W. von BERGEN, Scollar Sq. C. W., Boston, Mass.**

50 YEARS' SUPREMACY

The supremacy of Borden's products is due to 50 years' scientific education of dairymen and employees with a fixed purpose—to supply only the BEST. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream fill every milk requirement.—Adm.

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To cherish and uphold the best traditions
of family life has always been the purpose
of The Companion

As much reading as would fill twenty 400-page Novels
or Books of Science or History or Travel—ordinarily
costing \$1.50 each will be given to Companion
subscribers in the 52 issues of the 1907 volume.
There will be

250 Capital Stories

—humorous stories, character stories, stories of life in
the great cities, on the farm, on the sea, on the frontier,
including Six Serial Stories by six Companion favorites,
and a Historical Series illustrative of life and times in
America from the early colonial days to the close of
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A series of fifty-two articles on hygiene and emergency
treatment, of the utmost service in the household.
They tell how ill health may be avoided, suggest
simple remedies for simple complaints, and prescribe
the measures to be taken in serious cases while
waiting for the physician.

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Officials high in the national service, men and women
of prominence at home and abroad, great travellers
and authors will contribute articles full of encourage-
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value of wisely directed industry.

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In this department of the paper are noted every
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The Companion is distinguished for the number and
excellence of its sketches and stories which take not
more than a minute to read. They are always new,
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

A Matter of Disposition

The organizers of the American Cigar
Company knew what good cigars ought
to be—and how to produce them:
That's one thing to consider.

They invested millions of dollars to
provide the equipment that was required
to make cigar manufacturing a modern
industry. That's another thing worth
noting.

They were united in agreeing that
the only way to succeed was to produce
only the finest cigars of every blend
—to maintain quality without the
slightest variation and to keep prices
down to the lowest notch that
modern business system could make
possible. That's disposition—the key-
note of the whole business.

MERIT



MARK

Insures Honest Cigar Values

Now we have been offering some
pretty strong claims for the cigars
that are sold under the "A" (Triangle
A) guarantee. We could keep right on
publishing the longest and strongest
list of claims ever applied to cigars; we
could publish them every day in full pages
in every newspaper in the country—and
we could, no doubt, work up a huge
business. But do you think for a
minute that the sale of "A" (Triangle
A) cigars would show the healthy,
steady and rapid increase it does
show unless "A" (Triangle A)
cigars were pretty near what we
claim them to be?

Not much! We know well enough that even
if we were not disposed to do it we would have
to make our cigars back up our claims or
somebody else would get the business.

We can't make it any plainer than that. We
have built up the biggest and most stable cigar
business in the world on the basis of honest
value, and already it has proved that it pays

MERIT



MARK

Insures Honest Cigar Values

The leading brands of the American
Cigar Company are distinguished by
this "A" (Triangle A) merit mark,
just as a soldier is rewarded for superior
merit by the Victoria Cross.

Among these "A" (Triangle A)
brands each smoker is sure to find
the cigar he wants. The list is so
long that only a few of the more
prominent can be mentioned here:

The New Crema (Victoria), Anna Held,
George W. Childs (Cabinets) Buck, Spana-
flora, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola,
The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club,
Royal Bengals (little cigars), The Unico, Bene-
factor, Captain Marryat, Roxboro, General
Braddock, Orlando. Also the Palma de
Cuba and Isle of Pines.

Smoke any one in critical comparison
with the best cigar you know at the
same price and prove to your satis-
faction that the "A" (Triangle A)
merit mark does really mean better
cigars for you if you look for it
every time you buy.

AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY

Manufacturer



HOOsier

KITCHEN CABINETS

Every Housekeeper Needs One



Did you ever think about the time you spend in getting ready to do your work and in "clearing up" after you get through with it?

Take baking day, for instance—or even one of the meals. Think how long it takes you to collect all the necessary materials and utensils and then put them away again—some in the pantry—some in the cupboard, some in other places around the kitchen.

That is just the part of the work that a Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet saves. It groups all these articles in one commodious, well arranged piece of furniture.

Think what that means in preparing a meal or in baking:

A Practical Example

Suppose you were baking a cake. You want the recipe. It is on a card—filed in the cabinet—right at hand. The flour is just above the table space—in a sanitary bin. A few turns of the crank and you have it—sifted—all ready to use. The sugar is in the cabinet—in a dust-proof bin—where you can get it without a step—twenty pounds of it and there is a scoop to take it out of the bin. The eggs, chocolate and extracts are in one of the little cupboards. The baking powder and spices are right at the fingers' ends in air-tight cans. The egg beater and nutmeg grater are on hooks, above the table space. The crocks—the cake pans—and other utensils are in the bottom cupboard. You do your work on a sanitary, aluminum table space. When your cake and bread are done there is a metal box, or drawer, to keep them in.

It is not only in baking that a Hoosier Cabinet saves steps, but in all kinds of cooking and "clearing up" the kitchen.

It does this by a convenience of arrangement—the result of years of study.

Found in No Other Cabinet

This convenience of arrangement is found in no other cabinet. The Hoosier special features—the sanitary self-cleaning flour bin—the automatic sugar bin—the special aluminum sliding top—the Hoosier cake and bread box—the housekeepers' recipe box and want list—you can't get unless you buy the Hoosier.

The Hoosier Index Supply Case

Another great convenience is the Hoosier Index Supply Case—an entirely new feature in Kitchen Cabinets—consisting of labelled, dust-proof storage bins—of metal—where bulk foods can be stored away—always within easy reach—can never be misplaced—and where they will keep perfectly—doing away with all waste. The Hoosier Index Supply Case can be furnished with any Hoosier Cabinet and with no other.

Oak Used—Because It Lasts

Hoosier Cabinets are made of oak—sturdy and strong—with a grain of unusual beauty. It wears like iron—will not warp nor split in the heat of the kitchen. Buy a cabinet made of Oak—cheaper materials will not last.

The prices are low—very low. You can't get a cabinet half as good at anything like the low price of the Hoosier—and you can't get a better cabinet—no matter how much more than the Hoosier price you pay.

Get the Hoosier Catalog

The new Hoosier catalog tells why the Hoosier short cuts enable you to do your kitchen work so much more easily and quickly—how you can have a neat, orderly kitchen with very little labor—how the Hoosier is different from other cabinets and why we can sell them at such low prices.

It is free. Send for it today.

THE HOOsIER MANUFACTURING CO.

42 ADAMS STREET

NEW CASTLE, INDIANA

Originators and Pioneer Makers of High-Grade Kitchen Cabinets